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March 1915

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The QUIVER



"A SCRAP OF PAPER!"



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a Guinea
a Box*

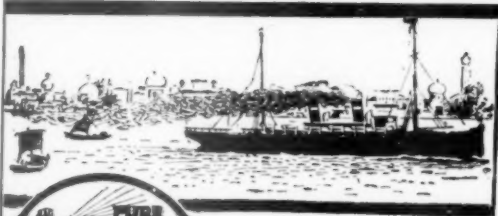
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DECLARATION OF WAR — Dreadful
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WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap.

THE Nursery Soap.

4d. per Tablet.



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Regulate your expenditure
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Tea alone pays a duty of 8d. per lb., including the special War Tax of 3d. per lb. Coffee and Cocoa do not thus contribute to the maintenance of our brave defenders.

INDIA supplies us with 91,000 tons yearly of the very best tea, grown by our own people in our own dominions. By buying Indian tea you are showing your appreciation of the courage and loyalty of our Indian fellow subjects, who are side by side with our brothers in the trenches.

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This is not the impossible task which some people would have you believe. With Naunton's music to guide you, the piano is the easiest instrument in the world to play, for there is no drudgery, no practising tiresome exercises, no scales, sharps, flats or accidentals, no unexpected or unnecessary difficulty whatever.

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Playing with taste and skill, charming other people, delighting themselves, getting more and more enjoyment out of life every day, and all because they ventured to try Naunton's National Music System. They proved for themselves that what we claim to be true is true, and the opportunity is now offered to you also.

What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people just mentioned had a better offer given to him or her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon at the foot of this page and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your **1/-** with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our **"Special No. 1,"** containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you just as it has done for the 50,000 and more people who are already playing by it. Never in all your life will you have spent a shilling to better purpose.

We say for ourselves only what our pupils are more than willing to say for us. Just read their

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This from a Pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System: "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

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From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

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THE ORIGINALS OF THE ABOVE AND THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT OUR LONDON OFFICES AT ANY TIME.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

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Being a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**. In return for which please send me your **"Special No. 1,"** published at **2/-**, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a **THOROUGH** musician by your Course of instruction.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

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"SEND US TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES."

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It would be well if those wishing to send Cigarettes to our Soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders, and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man. Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application.

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A Splendid Hair-Growing Gift Enables Every Man and Woman to Secure an Abundance of Healthy, Beautiful Hair.

Everyone May Have a Fine Head of Hair Who Accepts This Free Gift and Follows This Advice.

A WORLD renowned hair specialist has commenced a wonderful new campaign to grow thousands of heads of beautiful hair this year, and, as an introductory measure, he has decided to give, free of all cost, a special hair-growing outfit for scientific home treatment to everyone whose hair lacks health and beauty.

His aim is, firstly, to tell the public exactly how to overcome their hair troubles, and secondly, to provide at his own expense, the first supplies of the only remedy that is certain to grow new and healthy hair.



long, tedious, or expensive treatments. He says: "Simply, spend a few minutes in pleasurable and interesting 'Hair-Drill' every morning. That is all. I will give you the necessary advice and instructions free of charge, and will also send you at my own expense a specially made-up trial home treatment, so that you can see for yourself how quickly your hair troubles vanish, and how easy it is to grow scientifically a fine head of hair."

YOUR HAIR-BEAUTY GIFT.

If you desire to possess a handsome growth of beautiful silky, lustrous hair, and that healthy look and youthful

charm and attraction it gives, you need only post the form below without delay. This is what your postman will bring you free:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth, building up the very substance of the hair itself. It is tonic, food and dressing in one.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which dissolves scurf and dandruff, allays irritation, and prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. The secret "Hair-Drill" booklet, giving complete instructions for carrying out this world famous hair-growing exercise.

After you have experienced for yourself the wonderful influence of "Harlene" on your hair-growing you can always secure further supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" at 1s. per box of 7 Shampoos, single packet 2d. If ordering direct from the Edwards' Harlene Co., they will be sent post free. Carriage extra on foreign orders.

TROUBLES THAT RUIN THE HAIR.

Amongst the many troubles that stop the healthy growth of the hair, the following bring about most quickly the distressing state of baldness that is so great a tragedy to the sensitive man or woman.

1. **SCURF OR DANDRUFF.** Scurf is caused by an unhealthy condition of the scalp, the surface of which breaks up into minute scaly particles which clog the hair shafts and make the hair grow weak and straggly. "Harlene" Hair-Drill, however, quickly removes every particle of scurf and causes the hair to grow anew.

2. **LOSS OF COLOUR AND LUSTRE.** Sometimes scurf, over-greasiness or over-dryness contribute to this condition, which so rapidly robs the victim of his or her attractive appearance. This is one of the troubles that are quickly remedied by means of the splendid and pleasurable treatment offered free of cost to-day.

3. **FALLING AND SPLITTING HAIRS.** This is caused by lack of nourishment in the hair-root—a defect that is speedily put right by the wonderful stimulating effect of "Harlene" Hair-Drill, which, first of all, supplies the necessary nourishment and then awakens the root of each separate hair to new life and "growing" activity.

4. **SCALP TOO GREASY OR TOO DRY.** Due to over or under activity of the oily glands that lubricate the hair and help in its growth. These, although two of the most serious of all hair troubles, are fortunately amongst the easiest of all to remedy by the "Harlene" Hair-Drill method explained below by Mr. Edwards in his generous free-of-cost offer to QUIVER readers.

5. **SCALP IRRITATION.** May be caused by loose, splitting, or decaying hairs, by scurf, or by a disorder of the hair roots. "Harlene" Hair-Drill stops the irritation at once and remedies the hair trouble, and thus saves your hair from its threatened ruin and grows it in healthy profusion.

A SCIENTIST'S ADVICE TO EVERY READER.

To succeed in growing an abundance of really beautiful hair, Mr. Edwards does not advise any

To Edwards' "Harlene" Co.,

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Please send me your free "Harlene" hair-growing outfit. I enclose ☐ stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

THE QUIVER, March, 1915.



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WINDMILLS are a frequent feature of the War in Flanders, scouts of both armies utilizing them as posts of observation.

IN Peace, as in War, the Windmill fulfils an important duty—that of supplying the food of the nation. The Windmill is familiarly identified with Allinson Bread—the all-of-the-wheat bread made from flour stone-ground in the good old way.

The superiority of pure wholemeal bread is now generally recognised, and Allinson Bread, owing to its guaranteed purity and fineness, is admittedly the best wholemeal bread that can be bought. It costs no more than ordinary brown bread, but is infinitely more palatable, more nourishing, and more beneficial to health. Every genuine Allinson loaf is wrapped in a paper band bearing Dr. Allinson's portrait and signature.

Rembrandt's "Mill."—A fine art reproduction of this famous masterpiece free in exchange for 12 Allinson Bread paper bands. Free from advertising matter.

Send 4d. stamps to pay carriage on free 2 lb. Sample Loaf, free supply of N.F. Biscuits, free book on Bread and Health, address of nearest Allinson Baker, and particulars of the Monthly Prize Distribution (over 100 cash and other prizes).

NATURAL FOOD CO., Ltd., 305 Cambridge Road, London, E.

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Allinson
UNADULTERATED
WHOLEMEAL
Bread

— and the enjoyment strengthens as it lengthens —

That is the charm of a Riley Home Billiard Table in the home circle. There is always something new, something doing—a new shot to negotiate, or a break to emulate. Every member of the family can join in, and all cueists, no matter how expert, can enjoy a perfect game, for Riley's Home Tables are accurate in every detail and perfect in proportion—just like their famous full-sized tables.

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Fix securely and perfectly on any dining table. Made in solid mahogany, French polished, with best slate bed, low frost-proof cushions, ivory or crystal balls, and all accessories included. Every table carries Riley's perfection guarantee.

Size 4 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in.	£3 7 6
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" 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.	£5 5 0
" 7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in.	£7 5 0
" 8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.	£10 0 0

Or in monthly payments—only 5 per cent. being added to cash prices.

Thirteen monthly payments of 5/6	7/-
" " " 5/6	8/6
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Riley's have made the buying terms so easy that every home can have its own table—and you play as you pay.

Seven Days' Free Trial.
Riley's will deliver a Miniature or Combine Billiard Table in your home, and allow seven full days' play in order to test it—**FREE.**



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is a handsome piece of furniture as a dining table and a high-class billiard table. Made in solid mahogany, with low frost-proof rubber cushions and best quality slate bed, and fitted with our new patent automatic action for raising and lowering. The dining table top is in highly polished mahogany, and the table carries Riley's perfection guarantee.

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It bulks the soap and makes it look big.

A Cake of Honest, Solid Soap—

Unmixed with water

“Pears”

PEARS' lasts twice as long as ordinary watered Toilet
Soaps: it is pure, and matured over 12 months.
The perfection of PEARS is proved by its having been

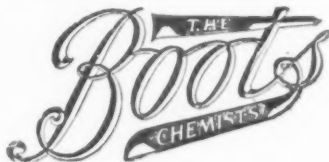
**The Leading Toilet Soap for
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All drugs supplied by Boots have to answer every known test for purity, or they are rigidly rejected. Over a thousand analyses are made every month, and the tests imposed are not merely those of the British Pharmacopœia, but tests far more stringent than those required by the British Pharmacopœia. As "Truth" states in reviewing the business of Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., "A passion for purity is displayed in regard to every article."

And though purity is vitally important, freshness is almost equally so. Medicine made up of stale drugs cannot possibly be of maximum efficiency. You cannot even be certain that it is medicinally active. Owing to the careful system of checking the supplies at their 555 Branches it is practically impossible to obtain stale drugs at Boots. The stocks at all their establishments are periodically tested, and any drug showing the least sign of deterioration immediately destroyed. Your own security depends upon the purity and freshness of the drugs you purchase.

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A real saving

can be effected in footwear by wearing Norwell's Scotch-made Brogue Shoes and Boots. Expertly put together by master craftsmen, with strength and style in every stitch. Norwell's footwear keeps its perfect comfort-giving shape to the end, and is absolutely bone-dry in the worst of weather. There is one hundred years' experience as a guarantee behind every pair bearing Norwell's name.

Every member of your family will have perfect foot comfort in Norwell footwear—and utmost value obtainable.



Style No. 10.

22/6

The "County" Shoe for Men

A manly shoe for moor and course, for the man who must be out of doors every day. Ease and comfort shape, thoroughly bone-dry, giving good honest wear all the time.

Post free in Britain, **22/6**

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Soundly made to resist the roughest wear; in black or brown calf or willow calf, thoroughly waterproof; a real saving at these low prices.

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A perfect fitting shoe for the well-dressed girl; hard-wearing, very comfortable, light and stylish in black or brown.

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The "Berwick" Shoe for Ladies

This shoe illustrates the highest grade of brogue for ladies' wear—whether for town or country wear. Stylishly made, absolutely waterproof, light and flexible, in black or brown special Perth calf-skin—eminently suited for wear with new style of costumes.

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Other qualities in Brogue Shoes—all exceptional value—

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NORWELL'S are specialists in shooting, golfing, walking and sports Brogue Shoes and Boots for men and women; also boots and shoes for dress occasions, for city wear, for country wear. Norwell's Boots and Brogue Shoes for children are a real economy for the rough-wear of school life.

When ordering, state size, colour, etc., and enclose remittance. Your money will be cheerfully returned if you are not satisfied with any transaction.

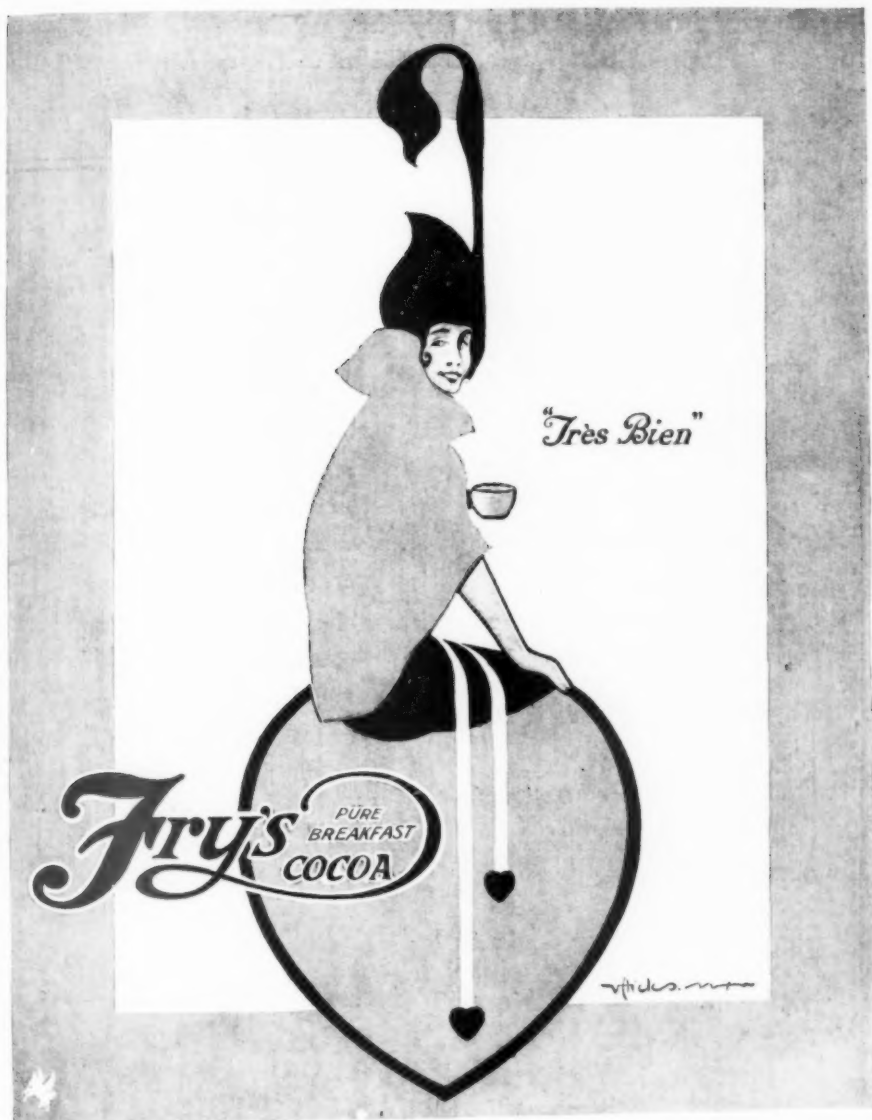
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Write for New Spring Catalogue, sent post free to any address.



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Are produced in an enormous range of good designs—including plain and embroidered numbers, anklets and clocks, pendants and lace effects.

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<i>Jason</i>	"De Luxe" (Ladies' only)	per pair	2/6
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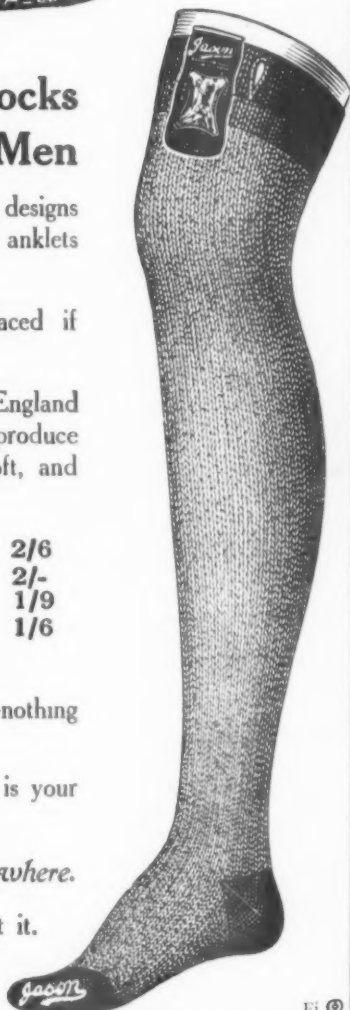
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See the *Jason* Tab on every pair, which is your guarantee of unshrinkability.

Sold by Drapers and Outfitters everywhere.

If any difficulty in obtaining write us about it.

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The process is as simple as the result is perfect.



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The Drummer on the packet is your guarantee and protection.

Renew the household furnishings—and clothing, too—at little expense.

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“So Easy to Use.”

Remove these surface eyesores—and at home—by using the ever-ready, ever-reliable Drummer Dyes. The first-time freshness, lustre, and purity will be restored in every garment, and thus give the same good service again and again, and at the trifling cost of a copper or two. Here is a short list of the many articles that can be doubled in wear and service by Drummer Dyes :—

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Drummer Dyes can be had in all useful and fashionable shades, including the new grey, cardinal, and myrtle-green tones. And your grocer, oilman, store or chemist can supply you.

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Write for YOUR copy of “Home Dyeing”—a little booklet full of useful and economical wrinkles. It's yours for a p.c. to—

EDGE^s, Bolton, Lancs.

At 90

90

Makes “Old” Articles Just like NEW



DRI-PED Sole-Leather gives comfort and Double Wear in all weathers.

Light and flexible in warm weather; warm in cold weather; and absolutely proof against the *worst* weather.

Insist on "Dri-ped" for either new or re-soled footwear. It costs a little more, but one "Dri-ped" Sole outlasts two good ordinary soles.



"Dri-ped"-Soled *new* boots or shoes, for ladies, men and children, are sold by leading boot stores, in all styles, at all prices. Such a Boot as that shown can be obtained soled with "Dri-ped" from all good dealers. But don't be put off; insist on "Dri-ped." There is no other leather nearly so good.



See this mark in purple every few inches on each sole.

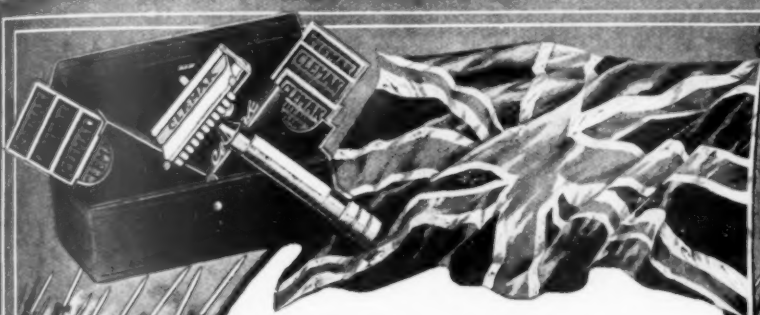


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No loose parts to worry about and no adjusting—it's simplicity itself. And so safe you can shave in a dim light—or in the dark if necessary. Cleaned in a moment—Stropped in a minute—and a blade so keen that all the science in the world can't make it keener.

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5/- Silver-plated Clemak Razor with stropping handle and seven blades.
Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, Twelve specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine, with velvet hide Strop **10/6**



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THE WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY FOR

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IT is now about 30 years since **OZERINE** was first prescribed by a most eminent London Specialist for Nervous Diseases, a man of European reputation and of vast experience both in private and in hospital practice. It was at once found that this remedy possessed a most marvellous and almost magical power over this dreadful and, hitherto, very intractable disease, that in the great majority of cases from the very first dose of **OZERINE** Fits ceased entirely, even in the very worst cases. There is abundant and overwhelming proof that when the **OZERINE** treatment is persevered with and continued for a while after all symptoms have disappeared, a complete and permanent cure is obtained.

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have been received from grateful sufferers who have been cured by **OZERINE** after every other known medicine for this disease had been tried in vain.

By the recommendation of one sufferer to another **OZERINE** is now being used most successfully in all parts of the world.

Test it Free of Charge.

To prove its efficacy, *bona fide* sufferers sending a letter now will receive by return one week's supply of the Remedy, without charge or obligation.

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An 11/- bottle contains one pint, sufficient for 40 days' treatment.

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OZERINE in a concentrated tablet form is put up in patent airtight tins, each containing sufficient for 40 days' treatment, sent to any address in the world, post free, for 12/-

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and a piece of bread

"AN IDEAL MEAL FOR CHILDREN"

BENSON'S



GOLD
£6.

Others in
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"PERFECT SAFETY" SELF-FITTING GOLD WATCH BRACELETS.

The finest quality, with lever movements,
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The "ACTIVE SERVICE"
WRISTLET WATCH,
With Luminous Dial and Hands, in Silver
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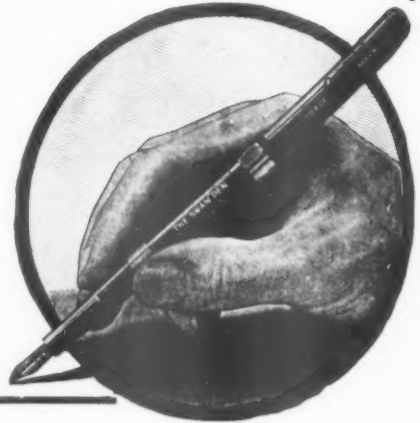
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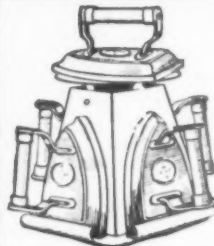
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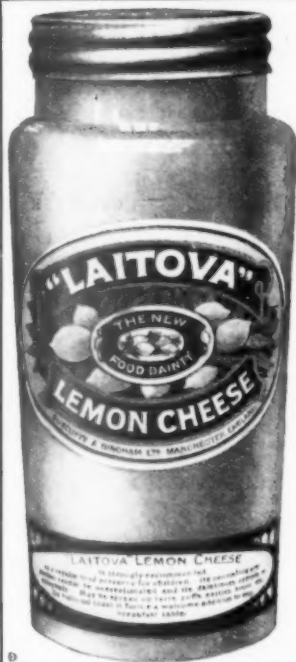
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Albert I.,
King of the Belgians.

Photo r
K. Colling



THE QUIVER



VOL. L., No. 5

MARCH, 1915

THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY

At Home with King Albert and his Family

By ANTOINE BORBOUX,

Member of the Belgian Parliament,

In Collaboration with AMY B. BARNARD

Next month King Albert celebrates his fortieth birthday. This tribute by a prominent Belgian to Belgium's King is particularly timely at the present juncture.

THE courageous and noble stand made by the young King of the Belgians, Albert the Great, as we like to think historians will call him, has attracted both to him and to his people the attention of the whole world.

Such simple greatness of mind in face of duty consoles humanity for the spectacle of so many undeserved horrors, and it is a great comfort for souls possessing fine ideals to receive proof that whatever people may say, noble beings do exist, that the ideal still has sway, that justice, goodness, right are not mere empty words which vanish at the clash with reality.

The Strength of Greatness

The hour calls forth the man; how fearlessly and loyally King Albert has responded to the call of duty, let the world judge.

His family history and the manner of his coming to the throne of Belgium can be briefly told.

He is the son of H.R.H. Prince Philippe, Count of Flanders, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe - Coburg - Gotha, brother

of the late King Leopold II., and of H.R.H. Marie, Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Thus, through his father, the Count of Flanders, he is the grandson of Leopold I. (the beloved uncle of our Queen Victoria) and of Marie - Louise of Orleans, Princess of Orleans, herself daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France; and through his mother, King Albert is the grandson of H.R.H. Charles Antoine, Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and of H.R.H. Joséphine Frederica, Princess of Baden.

Birth and Marriage

He was born at Brussels, in the Palais de la Rue de la Régence, on April 8, 1875. He has no brother, the elder son of the Count of Flanders, Prince Bauduin, having died a few years ago; but he has two sisters, H.R.H. Princess Henriette, married to the Duke d'Alençon, and H.R.H. Princess Joséphine, married to Prince Charles of Hohenzollern.

In 1900, King Albert married at Munich H.R.H. the Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria, daughter of Duke Karl Theodore of Bavaria.

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The royal pair have three children, who have aroused a great deal of interest in England since they were brought over here for safety by their brave mother, and entrusted to Lord Curzon. Their names are: Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, born at Brussels in 1901; Prince Charles Théodore, Count of Flanders, born at Brussels in 1903; and Princess Marie-José, Princess of Belgium, born at Ostend in 1906.

As Leopold II. had no male descendant, the crown should have passed on his death to his younger brother, the Count of Flanders. But the Count, good and learned, and excellent father as he was, had too indifferent health to warrant the hope of his keeping the crown in the event of its one day passing to him. Consequently the hopes of the nation centred in Prince Bauduin, for in this Prince were united all the qualities which the Belgian nation desired in its future Sovereign. But during an epidemic of malignant pneumonia in the country, he was seized with the disease and died in a few days; this was a great blow to the nation.

However, the sympathies of the people were soon keen towards the younger brother, Prince Albert. They knew what a good and suitable education he had received in the home circle. The family of the Count and Countess of Flanders had been reared, in fact, in the school of duty and exercised in the greatest virtues, princely and bourgeois. But, of course, circumstances had not permitted Prince Albert to show himself possessed of those heroic qualities which have since been called forth by momentous events.

A Good and Gracious Prince

It was recognised, however, that he was a good and gracious Prince, thoroughly conscientious, and above everything desirous of doing right. It soon became apparent that the goodness, one might even say the modesty, expressed in his face belonged to a strong and worthy character. It is not due to his birth, but to his moral excellence, that he has not a trace of pride, the absence of which trait distinguishes every truly great, well-

balanced, loyal and sincere character. Possessed of a body more than ordinarily strong, King Albert has well-marked features and vivid colouring. His thick fair hair crowns a face of regular oval form. His quick eyes shine beneath his eye-glasses; his nose is pronounced; his lips are firm, and the mouth has an expression of very great benevolence.

During recent years he has given up wearing a beard in favour of a small fair moustache. A figure upright without stiffness and strongly built, the hands firm and long

—the whole man reveals a character of combined strength, sincerity and goodness.

His studies and occupations from infancy—and these have been continuous—have done much to mould him to what he is. Under the direction of his tutor, the distinguished Lieutenant-Général Jungbluth, of the Belgian Army, he was first instructed by private teachers, among them M. Victor Godefroid, then officer of the Admiralty, who has retained for his former pupil, Prince Albert, a boundless affection and great respect. His early studies being completed, the Prince fol-



Prince Leopold,
Duke of Brabant.

Photo:
K. Gollings.

THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY

lowed the curriculum of the middle schools, studying history, geography, languages, mathematics, natural science, literature, physics, chemistry and the arts, and at the same time he entered upon the study of military science, graduating in the regiment of the Grenadiers, of which he became Lieutenant-Général.

From the time his accession to the throne of Belgium became probable, Prince Albert was keen to acquaint himself at first hand with the working of the great industries of his country. He was seen to visit eagerly the big industrial firms, under the conductorship of the chiefs of industry—textile factories, machinery works, blast furnaces, rolling-mills, steel-works, etc. He would go in miner's garb, lamp hooked to his hat of boiled leather, down into the coal mines. Everywhere his careful attention and his incessant questions bore witness to his sincere desire to understand as fully as possible everything that concerned the prosperity of the country. Moreover, he has always had a special predilection for mechanical science. His knowledge of military affairs is that of a general of the first order.



Prince Charles Théodore,
Count of Flanders.

Photo :
K. Collings.



Princess Marie-Jose
of Belgium.

Photo :
K. Collings

Not content with a training already so complete, the King, even after his accession to the throne, desired never to lose an opportunity of gaining information, even at the cost of arduous effort. Directly some branch of human knowledge attracted him, he requested the savants and most noted specialists in the country to come to him and remain as long as it should be necessary. In this way he perfected himself in the study of philosophy and moral science, in law, in social science, natural science, physics, mathematics and the different sciences of industrial application. There is no form of art to which he is indifferent, and he knows by name all the distinguished artists of the country and their chief works.

The King has had the good sense to form his civil and military establishments of noted men drawn from all ranks of society. Belgians with the greatest names appear at Court beside those who have naught but their own respectability to add to their personal merits.

The days of the Sovereign have been very full ones. It has been his custom to

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rise early, and, after breakfasting with his family, to set to work, superintending his correspondence, receiving deputations, foreign personages, or certain of his ministers, or presiding over councils of these last. Sometimes the councils have been held in the afternoon or on into the evening. The rare moments which this

affection, indeed, the Queen richly deserves because of her fine intelligence, her sound understanding, her goodness, her dignity, and her devotion to those who suffer. Her own health a few years ago seemed failing, but now appears quite re-established; during that time the affectionate concern of the King cease-



H.M. the Queen
of the Belgians.

Photo :
K. Collings

close attention to public affairs permit have been devoted to reading and family life; close touch, indeed, has been kept with the best literature of the day.

The inhabitants of Brussels have been accustomed to see King Albert, accompanied by an orderly, gallop along the wide alleys of the Bois de Cambre or the magnificent Forêt de Soignes.

He and his pretty little Queen have a deep affection for one another. That

lessly manifested itself, and those about them often had occasion to notice how much the King was attached to the Queen. On the day following the attempt of the Germans to kill the King by dropping bombs from a Zeppelin over Antwerp, he decided that the Queen and their children must seek safety, and he made them leave for England. The Queen brought her children here, but she herself soon returned to Belgium, saying she must share

THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY

the dangers of her brave husband. And during the war, when the gallant King was seen in the trenches firing like an ordinary soldier, it was known that the Queen was never far off.

The three royal children are the objects of scrupulous care as regards their education. Their minds are now sufficiently developed to warrant the belief that the intellectual and moral seed will not fall in their case on barren soil. The following incident shows that the children are not "enfants gâtés." One day a general happened to be seated at dinner next little Prince Leopold. A clumsy servant upset a little sauce over the general's coat. The Prince leant towards the guest and confidentially remarked in a whisper, "General, it is very fortunate that papa has not seen you, for he would certainly have scolded you for that stain on your coat." A wholesome respect for authority is combined with strong attachment for the royal father and mother. The King calls the little Princess Marie-José, who has fair curly hair, "Mon petit nègre blanc."

The Princes in London

Not long ago the small Princes visited a school in London where there happened to be several Belgian refugee children. Prince Leopold spoke to them like a little man, and shook each one by the hand. Then he withdrew into another room, and when he returned it was evident that he had been crying. But courage and warm feeling are what may be expected of the son of such parents.

On one occasion a soldier was wounded in the trenches. The King hurried towards him and said, "Give me your rifle, my lad; I also want to shoot." And he took the rifle from the trembling hands of the soldier, went down into the trench, and stood in the firing line. Several times he has nearly been struck by shrap-

nel, but remained unmoved; nothing could disturb him. Small wonder he is adored by the soldiers, whose life he shares, moving about among them, speaking to them, congratulating them, encouraging them, gripping them by the hand.

Royal and Careful Education

The royal children learn music and give particular attention to the violin, which they have been taught to play by Mons. Laoureux, the Brussels violinist. Their education has been carried on by private tutors, carefully selected from the Belgian "Court Enseignant." Prince Leopold has already shown himself to be a thoughtful and sensible boy. When, in the happy days before the war, there appeared in one of the avenues at Brussels the two little Princes or little Princess Marie-José with her fair curly head, there was not one passer-by who did not hasten to greet them with a smile of affectionate respect. Deep attachment for the throne is felt by every Belgian. It used to be interesting to see in the summer season the royal children, accompanied by their governess, frolicking about on the shore in the midst of the lively games of the village children.

During the summer the royal family delighted to stay at the house built by Leopold II. near Ostend, at La Panne, or at one of the many seaside resorts along the Belgian coast, where the King interested himself in the fishermen and their work with a view to establishing new fishing ports.

The way in which the Belgian nation has borne its martyrdom and fought to defend the last acres of territory, and yet preserves a high and great hope for its future, is undoubtedly due to the leadership of one of the noblest monarchs who ever ruled a kingdom.



WHAT NO WOMAN KNOWS

A Story of Human Interest

By JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB

WHEN he entered the house he had a quick, disappointed feeling that no one was in it. Yet she might be in the kitchen. It was so near supper time she certainly would be in the kitchen.

He passed through the library, cheerful enough with its big chair by the fire, and the magazine-littered table conveniently near, but without appeal now that he had conceived the idea that the place lacked Martha. He passed through the dining-room—with the table set for two, glowing pleasantly beneath the electric dome—into the clean little kitchen where something sizzled appetisingly at the back of the stove.

She couldn't be far away with things left in this fashion. There was nowhere else to look downstairs. Curiously hesitant, he went upstairs. The short hall was dark, but looking straight ahead he saw his wife in her dressing-room. It was brilliantly lighted, and he had the sensation of being in a box at the theatre looking at something taking place in a dressing-room on the stage.

His wife sat on a low seat before the mirror of her dressing-table. She gazed at herself in the glass. She took a pencil and lined her eyebrows. She took a little colour and patted it on each cheek, then rubbed and smoothed it down. She daubed a little powder over it and stared anxiously at the result in the glass.

He watched her—spellbound, but without the faintest conception why. He felt strangely incapable of stepping forward and jokingly making himself known—as he wished to do. Something held him—something in the air, some strain of her own, making itself felt in him. He did not even step backward; he simply watched. Then he had proof of her tense mood, that had seemed to be communicated to him when he entered the house, by being an amazed witness of its relaxation.

She gave one more searching look at her reflection in the glass, seized a towel beside her, rubbed her face fiercely, then buried her face in her folded arms on the table

before her, while her body shook with dry, difficult sobs.

He started in his consternation to go toward her, but found he could not. Who was this? Was this Martha? Martha whom he had seen every morning and night for so long that their three children had all gone out into the world, leaving them to begin over again in a little new place just big enough for two? Martha! Go forward he could not. She believed herself alone. She had always prized her privacy. Perhaps she would give him the key later. He stepped back down the stairs, sat in his easy-chair and stared at the fire—just as he did every evening while waiting for supper. But now it seemed as though the very foundations of things were swaying.

Martha! Was there no simple explanation? Was she to take part in some little play? Why did she—sob? Why was she resorting to applied beauty when he had so often heard her express herself as—well—as Martha could! Martha, who, from the day he first saw her, had stood for the last word in freshness of person. He half-smiled as he thought of the way it had affected him: how he had steeled himself to the unaccustomed cold plunge, never omitted since, though as cordially hated now as thirty years before—how he had regularly shaved every day instead of every other day, to be smooth-faced for her. She seemed so the creature of cool water, fresh air and sunlight. Why did she—sob? The little clock ticked quietly on the mantel, a bit of burnt wood broke off and dropped with a soft thud. He leaned over to put on another stick, but forgot it. To be sure, they had had very little money, but their home had always been so homelike, their children so attractive, and Martha—of course she looked better than anybody else, being Martha.

Casting about in his mind for some explanation of what he had seen, he was at the same time listening for her, for some movement on her part, trying to think of some excuse to go to her. Why an excuse?

He walked over to a little picture, hung

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rather obscurely, of Martha and their first baby. He would have it in the room against all of her protests. He pushed his heavy grey hair back from his forehead, and as that did not help, rubbed his eyeglasses. It always made him feel just so when he looked at that little picture. Perhaps other men had been through such things and knew what he felt, but personally he doubted it.

He drew from his inner pocket a leather case, held it under the brightness of the electric reading light on the table, and stared at a picture in one side of it. There was Martha when he married her—the very spirit of youth, joy, confidence. Why did Martha—sob?

And the other picture; Martha did not know he had that one—the one taken last year when their youngest boy started out for himself. He looked at it more earnestly than at the other. How she had developed, improved! How wonderfully much more there was in her face! When did she get that look—that dear, inexpressible look about the eyes and mouth? Just Martha. Shutting up the case abruptly, he stepped to the foot of the stairs calling, "Hallo, Martha!"

"Why, John! You home!" came the cheerful response.

It made him blink. Had he been dreaming? He had some hesitation about looking at her as she came down, but beyond a sort of quietness, that had been growing on her lately, there was no trace of anything unusual. *Had* he been dreaming? As they ate the something good that had so appetisingly sizzled at the back of the stove, and sipped the tea Martha poured, he kept watching her

and wondering—clumsily wondering. What could it be?

"I must see Bailey Talbot to-night, Martha," he said finally. "Will you go over with me, or shall I telephone Bailey to come over here? He could bring his wife if she wanted to come."

"Suppose you do that," she answered. "Then I'll have more time to do up the work and dress."

"All right—but what do you want to dress for?"

"Oh, just fix up a little—I won't look any too well then," she smiled.

He stared at her in surprise, but made no reply as he started for the telephone. Why did she say that? Sat



"He watched her—
spellbound."

Drawn by
Elizabeth Barnham.

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the wind so? *Martha*—and why did she—sob?



The young Talbots came in like a spring breeze. They both laughed and talked at once. Little Mrs. Talbot chattered and chirped and fluttered and said funny inconsequent things that kept both the men smiling.

When the matter of business was disposed of they all sat around the fire.

"My! I should think you people would be ready to die of loneliness here!" rattled on the younger woman, "nobody coming in and going out!"

"Why, it's just like you two!" said John.

"Oh, my, no! We're in a hubbub all the time! Oh, guess what my neighbour, Mrs. Trout, said to-day! She said, '*Well! I guess you'll settle down some time!*' The old has-been! She's fifty if she's a day, and looks a hundred!"

"My dear young lady, I'm fifty if I'm a day—mighty near sixty—and I don't like such remarks!" joked John.

"Oh, you!" was the gay return, "men don't count; and you're too lovely for words, anyway. If Bailey knew what I think of you, there'd be trouble at our place."

It brought its laugh, and it was only by chance that John noticed his wife's face as she sat in shadow. He was shocked by something in it—he scarcely knew what. Now why had she—sobbed?

He woke in the night, troubled, though he seldom knew what it was to be wakeful. He felt instinctively for Martha, but her place was vacant. Vaguely distressed, he moved in the dark to the door, and looked down the hall to his wife's dressing-room. It was not lighted, but he heard a low murmur. He moved forward at once, but paused by the door, overcome by the same shamed hesitation. Words were perfectly distinct, although scarcely more than whispered.

"Isn't there any help, dear Lord? Isn't there any room in Your care for this sort of a lonely, foolish trouble? Can't You help me not to mind—if there is no other way? You know I tell him every day how I love him, and think he's dearer and better—yes—and better-looking—every day; and he

never says anything like that to me. Oh, I'm so weak to talk this way, even to You, dear Lord! But when I look in the glass I know why he never says—anything—I wonder how I ever could expect anything! Dear Lord, I'm so crushed when I look in the glass! I never can believe it—just tired eyes and lines and greyness and horrid sags, and I hate what I see—how can I blame him?" She was so lost in her petition that she did not hear the queer, instantly stifled choke from the hall.

"And oh, Lord, it's just swallowing me up—this pit of *nothingness*—no love. Is there such a thing as love, Lord? No noticing, heart-warming love—just the accustomed tolerance of a faded hush! Isn't there any real me, Lord? Can't you make it show—oh, I feel just broken—broken." The voice murmured on, but John, too, felt broken. To go in and take her in his arms and tell her! She never would believe him then. Each time she looked in the glass—and the Lord Himself only knew what she saw there, he didn't! She would believe him guilty of pity and pretence. It would have to be some other way. He crept back to a bed that seemed unaccountably desolated. It was well toward morning before the miserable throbbing at his heart ached itself out—and her place was still vacant.

"Oh, John!" she smiled when he kissed her as he left next morning, "that will make me feel good all day!"

"You looked so sweet, I couldn't help it," he temporised. "You see what you will have to put up with to-morrow. It's my wedding anniversary, to-morrow, and I expect to be congratulated."

"Why, I'd forgotten it!" she said, wide-eyed.

"I haven't. You see, I'm fonder of you than you are of me. I couldn't forget it," he expanded virtuously.

All through the day at his desk his mind kept turning Martha-ward. He wished he could forget what he had seen in the dressing-room. Perhaps he could remedy what he heard

"That's the pity about women," he thought miserably. "After they have made a home and been busy for years with the children, there comes a time when it's all over—their job's gone. They say men with their job gone go to pieces. Now she's

WHAT NO WOMAN KNOWS



"He took his little leather case from his inner pocket, and showed her the picture taken when they were married"—p. 342.

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earshaw.

got little to do but think—well, it's up to me to make thinking pleasant."

He smiled that night when Martha asked him if he would like to have a dinner with guests for a little anniversary spree.

"Next year, maybe. This one—let's have it ours, and get better acquainted. I'd a lot rather, wouldn't you?"

"We eat breakfast and supper together every day." The curious, wistful expression in her eyes seemed comprehensible to him now.

"This is going to be different. We're going to really look at each other, and be sociable."

"Oh, John! sometimes you're almost human!"

"All of that," he assented with gravity.

It was a curious dinner in some ways—that little anniversary feast. There were sandwiches like those he had praised on their very first picnic; pickled pears like those he had helped her make one long-ago autumn day that still glowed through the past like some quivering ruby in a setting of

gold; Strasburg *pâté* that marked an adventure on the Continent; the facsimile of a cake she had made for their first wedding anniversary. It was the same with everything she had prepared.

"Martha, you're wonderful!" he said. "I couldn't have thought of this—even in a week, while you—you have done these things!"

"I wanted to," she laughed. "But how about the offerings that have been coming in all day bearing your brand?"

"I wanted to," he imitated.

He musingly watched the harmony of colours on the table, in the room, the curtains, the wall—it all seemed to find its source in Martha, as though it all concentrated in and emanated from her. With Martha there, every least thing pulsed a certain charm and beauty, expressing something—expressing Martha, perhaps. Without her—a premonitory dullness and grey-ness settled on him even at the thought.

"Say, Martha," he said earnestly, "as soon as we are sitting in there—comfortably

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—by our fire, I'm going to explode a bomb. I suppose you'll take it as a bomb. It's nothing to me."

"How mysterious!" she smiled; yet he noticed a hint of withdrawal—of shrinking. Did she live like some sensitive plant shielding some inner part from hurt as best she might?

Even then he had no thought of what to do or say. Yet the need of doing something to break down this hitherto unsuspected wall between them, of pushing away for ever from her the impulses of the dressing-room scene, was so imperative to him, that the easier way of letting it all go, so much more in accordance with his temperament, did not tempt him. He shook his head as he sat there near her gazing at the burning fire.

"Why do you do that, John?" asked Martha; "what's the matter?"

"How can I tell you what's the matter, Martha"—and he leaned forward toward her with his hands on his knees—"when you don't tell me what is the matter with you?"

"With me? John, what can you mean!" The flame of the fire leaped up redly. The little clock above them ticked insistently.

"Just that," he said slowly. "You have been unlike yourself for a long time. And you do not tell me why."

"I must be getting old," she said nervously, but he could read into the light phrase.

"So am I. What of it?"

"But I'd love you, no matter how old—or—or anything!" she flashed.

"Oh." He pushed the heavy grey hair back from his forehead with the gesture she had loved since he was twenty, leaned again toward her, taking both her hands in his, and gazed steadily into her eyes:

"And you think I could feel differently? You think—what, Martha, tell me—what do you think? Good gracious!"

"I hate myself so when I look in the glass," she whispered in a shamed way.

"Oh, Martha, you blessed, blessed idiot!" He could scarcely keep a sort of break out of his voice. "See here, dear!"

He took his little leather case from his inner pocket, turned on the electric light, and then showed her the picture of herself taken when they were married.

There was an odd expression in her eyes as she looked at it—a sort of leniency as toward an offender with a touch of resentment.

"I know how you felt toward her," she said gently.

"And you ought to *know* how I feel toward *her*," he said, reversing the case, and showing the picture taken the year before. "I love that other picture. It means many things—our youth together, our mutual courage, our faith in each other—everything like that; but Martha, Martha!" and his voice translated the look in his eyes, "this is inexpressibly dearer to me! Can it be you don't know? In your face, to me, now, is all the kindness, the love, the goodness, the helpfulness of our years together! Of course you are beautiful, anyway, Martha, but don't you know that in any case you *must* be beautiful to me? That your face for me is the *all*—Martha, I'm no talker, but it is itself, it has to be! Oh, Martha, how can it be you don't know! It's something you have to know—there's no telling it—it isn't capable of scientific discussion." Then he snapped off the light, but as he looked at his wife, instead of seeing her the more dimly thereby, it was as though a glow from within slowly irradiated the unbelieving, half-startled face into which he looked. It was as though he gazed through some priceless crystal to the half-seen seat of beauty within.

"How could I know, John?" she barely whispered.

"You *ought* to know," he insisted.

"I guess I must need to be told."

"Then I'll tell you—now—but why don't you *know* it?"



MARRIAGE MISTAKES OF GREAT MEN

Some Typical Instances

By DENIS CRANE

Great men make mistakes, like other folk, and when such mistakes have to do with marriage the results are serious. There are some glaring examples of this, and Mr. Denis Crane gives them here.

TO make mistakes is the prerogative of great men, the misfortune of obscure ones. In the realm of marriage the follies of the former are discussed, explained, condoned, forgiven; those of the latter are censured or ignored.

Nevertheless, both take their rise from the same source—the common frailties of our nature, and that curious destiny which, in regard to some of life's most momentous and irrevocable decisions, makes us wise only after the event.

Great men, notable for their judgment and good sense in other spheres, have undoubtedly erred in marriage. Numerous instances at once spring to mind. The tongue of scandal is so busy, however, and the real facts of a man's private life so hard to get at, that fuller knowledge in some cases entirely changes the complexion of a conjugal relationship popularly regarded as bad. Moreover, biographers themselves vary greatly in their interpretation of events, so that we often have contrasting, if not contradictory, pictures of a common hero.

The Case of Carlyle

Take the familiar case of Carlyle. Froude depicts him as a morose, savage, selfish man, who in the ruthless cultivation of his own individuality victimised a hardly less talented and long-suffering wife—hints, indeed, at a domestic atmosphere continually charged with electricity and lit at frequent intervals by lurid flashes that scorched and seared at least one sensitive spirit.

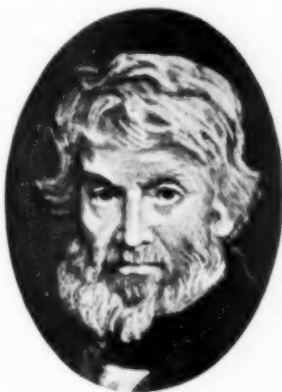
Later and more trustworthy chroniclers have cleared the sage's name from the worst of Froude's indictments and shown that any unhappiness that marked the Carlyle household was no more one-sided than that of other clever couples whose imaginations are over-developed, who have a talent for complaining, and whose natures are full of perilous contradictions.

The whole poignant story of this marriage raises the question, not so much whether Carlyle erred in espousing Jane Welsh, as which of the two in marrying the other made the greater mistake. The weight of opinion will be that she it was who erred the more,

paying the penalty in acute mental suffering, for which her own nature, quite as much as her husband's temperament and the conditions in which he placed her, was directly responsible.

A point sometimes overlooked by those who seek to trace Jane Welsh's unhappiness to its source is that, whereas Carlyle's first romance—that with Margaret Gordon—left on his heart no abiding scar, his wife's thwarted passion for Edward Irving—of the intensity of which Carlyle had no notion until after her death, if even then—

gave a sad undertone to all her life.



Thomas Carlyle.

Abraham Lincoln

Another example of biographical contrast is furnished in the case of Abraham Lincoln. Noah Brooks, referring to the rumours that circulated in Washington concerning the domestic unhappiness of the President—

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rumours which, however exaggerated, rested on a solid basis of fact—remarks: "The relations of Lincoln and his wife were a model for the married people of the Republic of which they were then the foremost pair"; and is studiously silent on the many episodes in the life of his hero that would sound a discordant note.

Henry Bryan Binns, another biographer, cautiously advances a little farther. "The marriage," says he, "was neither a very happy nor a really unfortunate one, but it was certainly one from which love was not absent."

But, allowing for a certain tendency towards the picturesque, William Herndon's account is, as he himself claims, substantially the "true story" of the famous American's life. It bears the stamp of veracity, and is, beside, in general accord with what some of Lincoln's contemporaries—such as Ward Lamont and others—said of him.

Quite early in his married life, while he was still a practising lawyer, says Herndon, Lincoln began to show a strange disinclination to go home, like his colleagues, at the week-ends.

"Lincoln himself," said one of the latter, "never had much to say about home, and we never felt free to comment upon it. Most of us had pleasant, inviting homes, and as we struck out for them I am sure each one of us down in our hearts had a mingled feeling of pity and sympathy for him."

In Troubled Waters

Lincoln never had a confident, and it was in his conduct, rather than by any words that fell from him, that his stoicism and high sense of honour in regard to his domestic troubles broke down.

His partner soon divined that things were not right in Lincoln's home. Abe usually appeared at the office about nine in the morning.

"Sometimes, however, he would come down as early as seven o'clock; in fact, on one occasion I remember he came down before daylight. If on arriving at the office I found him in I knew instantly that a breeze

had sprung up over the domestic sea and that the waters were troubled.

"As I passed out on these occasions . . . before I reached the bottom of the stairs I could hear the key turned in the lock, and Lincoln was alone in his gloom. . . Noon having arrived, I would depart homeward for my dinner. Returning within an hour, I would find him still in the office—although his house stood but a few squares away—lunching on a slice of cheese and a handful of crackers which in my absence had been brought up from the store below. Separating from it at five or six o'clock in the evening, I would still leave him behind. . . A light in the office after dark attested to his presence there till late in the night."

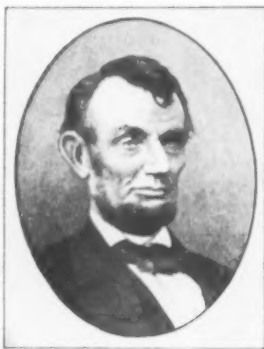
In Lincoln's case also there seems to have been a first love, whose influence the fretted heart could never throw off. Anne Rutledge was the lady's name. She has been variously described, but seems to have been beautiful and gifted with a sweet, clear voice. Unfortunately for Abe, she was at the time engaged to a young swell from New York, who, however, after his return to the city, proved faithless.

A keen struggle went on in the girl's tender nature between the attentions of her new suitor and her love for the man who had

forsaken her—so keen a struggle, indeed, that it threw her into an illness from which she never recovered. In her delirium she several times cried out for Lincoln, who hastened to her bedside and was with her shortly before her death. The blow undoubtedly overshadowed Lincoln's whole life. Speaking of her grave on one occasion, he remarked with profound feeling—"My heart is buried there."

It would be interesting to know how many lives have been marred, if not broken, by early attachments of this

kind. Their effect on idealists and dreamers like Lincoln is often lifelong and disastrous. The beloved object, never having been put to the test of conjugal life, and viewed always through the roseate haze of youth, becomes an ideal by comparison with which the more faulty, but not always less



Abraham Lincoln.

MARRIAGE MISTAKES OF GREAT MEN

worthy, wife of after years shows to disadvantage.

When, as in Lincoln's case, the supplanter is a person of many infirmities, any unhappiness that arises is intensified by contrast. Mrs. Lincoln certainly seems to have been in some respects the last type of woman Abe, with his rugged, uncultivated nature, should have espoused; for whereas he sprang of a family so obscure that he could never look back upon his origin without some sense of shame, Mary Todd was of good descent and the spoiled belle of a provincial town—witty, and with some pretence to education, indeed, but as full of the pettiness and prejudices of the *bourgeoise* as her plump, pretty little figure could be.

But, then, Mary Todd had her opportunity of withdrawing from the engagement. Yet, with tears and self-accusations, she declined. And this brings us to another curious feature of more than one unhappy espousal.

"Breaking" the Engagement

Mary, it seems, although engaged to Abe, had been carrying on a desperate flirtation with another man. Meanwhile, Abe had been doubting his own affection for her. At length he resolved to release her and write a letter to that effect. Discussing the terms of this letter with his good friend, Speed, he was advised to interview the lady instead. He agreed, and Speed waited up to hear the result.

"Well, old fellow, did you do as I told you, and as you promised?" were the latter's first words. "Yes, I did," responded Lincoln thoughtfully, "and when I told Mary I did not love her, she burst into tears and, almost springing from her chair and wringing her hands in agony, said something about the deceiver being himself deceived." "What else did she say?" inquired Speed. "To tell the truth, Speed, it was too much for me. I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks. I caught her in my arms and kissed her." "And that is how you broke the engagement!" said Speed; "you not only acted the fool, but your conduct was tantamount to renewal

of the engagement, and in decency you cannot back down now." "Well," drawled Lincoln, "if I am in again, so be it. It's done, and I shall abide by it."

Note the fortuitousness of the decision. Later on, the actual wedding was brought about by an incident even more trivial. The marriage had been fixed for the first day in January, 1841, but the bridegroom failed to appear, and the company dispersed, leaving the sensitive, passionate, proud Miss Todd not unreasonably in tears. Lincoln was not discovered until morning, when he was "restless, gloomy, miserable, and desperate."

Estrangement naturally followed, but the two were reconciled by Mary intervening on Abe's behalf in a newspaper controversy in which he happened to be engaged. To save his honour, six weeks later he

married her. From the first the domestic sea was disturbed by his wife's caprice—related perhaps to the insanity of her later years—working on his own native melancholy and extreme conscientiousness.

Lincoln, however, seems to have embarked with his eyes open. As he was dressing for the wedding, in unaccustomed splendour, a boy asked whither he was going. "To hell, I suppose!" was Lincoln's grim reply. During the actual ceremony he was "as pale and trembling as if being driven to slaughter."

Byron's Married Life

The same was true of Byron, whose married life was notoriously unhappy, and whose actual decision was equally fortuitous, having hinged upon the mere word of a friend. His thoughts had turned towards Miss Milbanke as a suitable partner, but attempts were made to dissuade him from the proposed alliance. Byron, however, had already written a proposal, which his friend took up and read. "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go." "Then it *shall* go," said Byron, and, in so saying, sealed and sent off this fiat of his fate.

Byron, says one of his biographers, was married like one walking in his sleep. He



John Wesley.

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trembled like a leaf, made the wrong responses, and almost from the first seems to have been conscious of his irrevocable mistake.

To the superstitious, who like to connect life's tragedies with ill omens and other portents of disaster, it will appear profoundly significant that in handing his bride into the carriage after the ceremony Byron should have said, "Miss Milbanke, are you ready?" and that he should have married her with the wedding ring of his mother, a lady of unhappy and tempestuous nature.

Wesley's Marriage Mistakes

Nor have marriage mistakes been confined to men of dissolute habit or to men who trusted to their own judgment alone. John Wesley, who professed to seek in all things the direction of Providence, certainly erred grievously both for himself and his wife when he married Mrs. Vazeille. "It was," says Tyerman, "one of the greatest blunders he ever made."

Wesley, who was forty-eight at the time of his marriage, seems to have been specially attracted to widows. He had a romantic correspondence with one during his Oxford days; ten years later he had thoughts of taking unto himself a Mrs. Murray, but lost her through her sudden marriage to someone else; and finally he married the widow of a city merchant.

In this extraordinary union, which provides one of the most entertaining and distressing stories in modern biography, there were undoubtedly faults on both sides.

Wesley understood the nature of women as little as he understood that of children, and one can only pity the poor man who, expostulating with his wife for having contended for mastery and praise, exhorted her to "be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me."

Nor was it very propitious that a fortnight after his marriage he should leave her for seventeen days, spend a week with her, and then disappear again for a couple of months. He also spoke freely of his grievances in letters to his friends.

On the other hand, Mrs. Wesley clearly had an abominable temper, was outrageously jealous (Wesley's innocent indiscretions fed the fire), and sometimes broke out into actual violence, laying destructive hands on his venerable locks.

After twenty years she suddenly left him, whereupon Wesley wrote: "*Non eam reliqui: non dimisi: non revocabo.*" ("I did not desert her: I did not send her away: I will not recall her.") They were, indeed, subsequently reconciled, but only to become again estranged.

On Friday, October 12th, 1781, Wesley wrote: "I came to London, and was informed that my wife died on Monday. This evening she was buried, though I was not informed of it till a day or two after."

Mrs. Wesley's fortune was wholly secured to herself and her children, but she bequeathed to her husband a ring—a method sometimes observed by testators towards esteemed legatees who do not desire or need money.





"Next minute I saw it. The white, wavering, ghostly figure—gliding swiftly—towards me"—p. 350.

Drawn by
Cyrus Cuneo.

WHERE THE WHITE NUN WALKS

The Story of the Ghost at Whiteladies

By E. EVERETT-GREEN

IT was the tradition at Whiteladies that not only all the daughters but that all the granddaughters should be married from there.

It was a pretty family custom, which must have entailed a good deal of trouble and cost upon our delightful, picturesque, white-headed grandparents, whom we all adored; but it was the tradition of the house, passed down from generation to generation, and the family gatherings, which became frequent as we girls of the rising generation grew up and were asked in marriage, were a source of great happiness to those who took part in them; and a family wedding was a more intimate and interesting event in our family, by consequence, than it

generally is in these hurry-scurrying days of the twentieth century.

Somehow when you reached the long beech avenue which led up to Whiteladies, and passed through the wrought iron gates, set in the high stone wall which encircled house and gardens and a portion of the park, you seemed to leave the twentieth century behind, and almost expected to see cavaliers with love-locks promenading the green glades and wide stone terraces, with graceful stately ladies on their arms—powder on their hair, patches on their faces, their hooped petticoats and trailing brocades making patches of vivid colour against the old stone walls.

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The house was all mullioned windows, oriels and unexpected corners and angles. It was very big, covered much ground, yet never overwhelmed you by its size or grandeur. It was like the grandparents themselves—beautiful, stately, mellow, benignant. There was a hush about it which awoke to sweet sounds—the laughter of happy children, the gay calls of girlish voices, the beat of flying feet to the dances in the long ball-room, the lilt of music awakened not by hired professionals but by the skilled fingers of the daughters of the house or their children.

The blare of the motor horn was seldom heard here. The reek of its breath seemed desecration to the sweet fragrance which hung over Whiteladies.

"Isn't it delicious to be here again?" cried one to the other, as we danced up and down the long corridors and ran to grandmother with a hundred little confidences and a thousand trivial questions, always welcomed, always kindly considered. Grandmother was one of those beautiful persons who was never in a hurry, who always laid down her book or her pen to give you her full attention, who always listened to what you had to say. Her manners were as lovely as her beautiful white hair. Both seem going out of fashion now—replaced by transformations and "snap."

It was Esther who was to be married this time, and she had asked me to be one of the bridesmaids, and I had promised I would, though now I was getting well chaffed for it.

"Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride!" they chanted in my ears; but I did not care. Esther was my favourite cousin, and she was going away to a brilliant life led in foreign courts, and everybody said that her husband would be an ambassador in time. She was making a rather brilliant marriage, and we were all proud of her and her prospective future. Eustace Barrington was very delightful to us all, and his presents for the bridesmaids were lovely. It was going to be a charming wedding. There were to be eight of us girl cousins as bridesmaids, and six little pages in white satin—perfect little ducks they looked; and two tiny toddlers of girls, dressed as the mites were in the days of the Stuarts. You wanted to pick them up and kiss them, they were so bonny!

Then the dressmakers had all been true

to time, and nobody was worried or flurried; and the only person yet to arrive was a certain "Tony Talbot," who was to be the best man to Eustace on the eventful day. He had some engagements to keep which would prevent his coming till just the eve of the day; and he was to bring with him a case of family jewels, which were being re-set for Esther, but which Eustace particularly wanted her to have to take away with her on departure.

When the weddings at Whiteladies took place, the dower-house in the park was allotted to the bridegroom and his immediate supporters. Practically they belonged to the house party, but the convention of their occupying a different abode was thus observed.

And now the eve of the wedding-day had come. We had decorated the church, we had made the bride's bouquet and our own with the help of the head gardener. Bought flowers were taboo at Whiteladies, and how much more fragrant and delicious were the graceful nosegays made and designed by loving hands, and interwoven, as it were, by fond wishes and bright hopes! The house was full from end to end, the echoes seemed all awake and astir. It had been hard to get the children to bed. Yet there was no confusion or undue hurry perceptible. Dinner was served with all the quiet, simple ceremony which belonged to the house, and at the long table only one empty place indicated the non-arrival of to-morrow's best man.

"It is all right," Eustace told us. "He may be late; but he will be here. I had a wire at five o'clock. It is the jeweller who has run things a bit close. But Tony will be here some time to-night. You can always trust him when he says a thing. I'm sorry, though, that he could not come before to make your acquaintance. He is a nice fellow. You would have liked him."

It was a warm, still, autumn night when we girls—we bridesmaids—adjourned by common consent out upon one of the terraces, where the fitful moonlight made wavering lights and shadows, and squares of light from open windows lay yellow on the grey flags. We were laughing together over matters past, present and future, when somebody exclaimed:

"Anybody going to look for the White Nun to-night?"

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Now there was a legend at Whiteladies concerning a certain long grass-grown walk about a quarter of a mile from the house, and near to the ruined chapel which marked the site of an old monastic foundation. Probably the present house had been built up out of the material of the ancient nunnery which had been swept away by Henry's Cromwell. And, of course, there were traditions of ghostly happenings in and about the place, though these were not very definite or well authenticated. But the tradition of a White Nun, who walked to and fro in the grass-grown avenue beneath the yew trees, was firmly believed through the countryside; and it was always whispered that the most likely time to see this ghostly visitor was upon the eve of some family "happening"—whether the occasion might be a birth, or a death or a marriage.

So it had become amongst the girls of the house something of a point of honour for one of their number (you must not go in couples—the Nun had never been seen except by a solitary watcher) to go forth alone in the dark to the place where the White Nun walked, and give her a chance of showing herself, and the watcher a chance to cover herself with glory by having seen her.

Truth to tell, these vigils had not been very successful. Once Ada had come tearing back as white as a ghost, declaring that the Nun was sitting on a stone and moaning. But alas!—inquiry and investigation proved the Nun to be nothing more romantic than a dun-coloured Jersey cow who had been unwell, and, isolated from the herd, had escaped into the grounds and was very sorry for herself on many counts!

However it so happened that Ada married within the year. And Ellen, who went ghost-seeking at her marriage, was a bride some fifteen months later. It had been Esther who had gone to look for the Nun last year at Lucinda's wedding, and so tradition was growing that whoever dared make the venture was to win a husband before very long!

"Then Maude shall go!" cried Judith's merry voice. "Look here, you others, it's quite time our dear Maude did something to distinguish herself! And since she's going to dare to be a bridesmaid to-morrow for the third time, it's only right and proper that she should take the antidote as far as is possible, and go ghost-hunting to-night! Perhaps

the Nun keeps husbands up her wide sleeves, and drops their microbes about broadcast! Anyhow we'll send Maude! I bet she's in a mortal funk! I was going to volunteer for the service, but I'll wait for my chance on the eve of her wedding. Who'll bet that it will be within a year from now?"

There was a great deal of laughing, and I joined in, of course. But, truth to tell, I was in something rather like the "mortal funk" that Judith had divined. I spent more time at Whiteladies than the others did; for my own parents had died, and though I had a home with Uncle John, I was almost half my time with the grandparents, and was steeped in the lore of Whiteladies, so that I believed a great deal more in the White Nun than did the others.

But there was no getting out of it. I was to go. And all I stipulated for was my long black cloak; for I felt that wrapped up in that I should feel a kind of protection, and might escape observation even from ghostly eyes!

They promised to wait for me, and to come and seek me if I did not get back in half an hour. And disguising my nervous fears under a laughing manner, I waved my hand and ran down the steps, taking the path across the moonlit gardens which lay in the direction of the ruined chapel and the yew walk.

For a few minutes I still heard the sounds of music and voices from the house; but soon these died away, and I was alone in the faint misty light, with only the call of the owls to break the stillness. That is an eerie sound at any time, and now I shivered and drew the folds of my cloak closer round me.

Then the moon went suddenly behind a cloud. All was very dark about me, and just ahead showed the black orifice of the yew walk, where the White Nun was said to move slowly or swiftly up and down.

My heart thumped against my ribs. My task was to walk the length of the avenue and then return. I should be mercilessly chafed if I turned tail without having performed the allotted task. But I was simply shaking all over with that nameless fear which attacks us at night in lonely places, when everything takes on a new aspect, and you hear stealthy sounds everywhere that send your heart into your mouth.

But with the courage of desperation I plunged into the black tunnel, and at the

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same moment the moon came out again, so that at intervals it was crossed by bars of ghostly, wavering light.

What was that?

There were sounds—strange sounds—distant, indescribable, confused. I halted, a quarter down the tunnel, holding my breath, trembling in every limb. And next minute I saw it! The white, wavering, ghostly figure—gliding swiftly—oh, very swiftly—towards me.

I would have turned and fled, but my limbs refused to obey. The thing was coming nearer, lost in shadow sometimes, then emerging into the light again. It seemed to me as though I heard hoarse sounds, raucous breathings—and then it fell—it simply toppled over and lay its length in the shaft of moonlight. And at that moment my courage came back in great bounds. For it was not the White Nun at all. It was a man in a light driving coat, and he had fallen like a log, and it seemed to me as though I still heard sounds in the distance—voices and steps. And something gave me courage to run out of the deep shadow into which I had slunk and to bend over the fallen man.

"What is the matter? Are you hurt? Can I do anything?"

He did not move or answer at once; but then he seemed to make a great effort. I bent down, for his voice was only a whisper.

"The jewels—for Eustace Barrington—take them. Run to the house with them. They are after me—jewel robbers! I've given them the slip; but they will catch me up. I'm done. But take them. Put your hand in the breast of my coat. You'll feel them!"

I felt something more—something warm oozing over his clothes.

"Oh, you are hurt!" I cried, "I will get help!"

"Take the jewels, I say—and run for your life!" Though his voice was only a whisper it seemed to thunder at me, if you understand. And I heard sounds of pursuit coming nearer. There was no time to get him to the house, to summon help—to do anything. I had to think in ten seconds what to do.

"Can you move—just a few yards—under that yew tree?"

"Fly—take the jewels—and get to the house!" he panted; but he moved and

half sat up. Nearer and nearer came the steps and the muttering voices.

"Into the shadows with you!" I cried, also in a whisper. "Don't you understand?—we cannot get away. Into the shadows! Under my cloak. They will pass without seeing us. It is the only chance."

In two seconds we were there—in the hollow of the great yew trunk. He on the ground—I was sure he was bleeding terribly—I crouching over him, and the black cloak spread over us both in the deep shadow. We heard the steps coming on—slowly now and cautiously; for the men knew they were in the proximity of some private house. Almost opposite our hiding place they paused in conclave, words of blasphemy and threatening import passing their lips.

Where was their quarry and victim? They were sure they had hit him. They were sure he would eventually drop in his tracks. Where in thunder had he got to? I shook all over lest they should produce a lantern and institute a search. But they did not do so. They pursued their way very cautiously I think as far as the end of the tunnel. From there the lights of the house could be seen, and when they arrived there they gave up pursuit. I heard the steps returning. I heard them debating should they try another road? Was there any chance of finding their victim fallen and bleeding in some other spot? Or had he reached safety already?

My heart beat so hard and fast that I could scarcely hear what they were saying. They seemed loath to leave this avenue.

"He bolted down here! I'm sure of it! I don't believe he had strength to reach the end. I know I hit him. I saw him reel as he ran more than once. He's given us the slip; but I'll bet he isn't far away."

"Then let's search! He'll have slipped away into the shadow. Likely he's fainted from loss of blood. Who's got a light? Let's have a look. Great Blazes—what's that?"

That was the sound of a long shrill whistle. For I had drawn the whistle from the pocket of the cloak. In my desperation I had thought that at all costs I must summon help. The girls would be listening. Surely they would understand. And though it might draw discovery upon us—

But it didn't. You know it is not easy to



"They were all round him now. Lights flashed from small electric torches"—p. 352.

Drawn by
Cyrus Cuno.

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locate the sound of a whistle. Although blown from less than twenty yards from where they stood, the men had no notion from which side it came. Only they understood it to be a note of alarm. They took to their heels and fled. I whistled and whistled and whistled, without a moment's intermission, and I heard their flying feet thudding and blundering.

It was a keeper who first rushed up.

"What's the matter here? Who's whistling?"

"Gregory, there are robbers—they have tried to kill and rob Mr. Talbot. They have hurt him. He is here——"

"After them—after them!" cried the faint voice at my feet. "Don't let them escape. Never mind me—after them!"

Then his voice failed, he seemed to fall back. But now there were sounds and lights approaching down the avenue and from many sides as well. Gregory dashed away, calling on his underlings to follow, and I turned to face an excited contingent from the house who rushed upon me, crying out:

"What is it? What is it? Has anything happened? Have you seen the ghost? Has the White Nun walked?"

"Ghost! White Nun!" I echoed in tones of lofty scorn; "it's Mr. Talbot with the jewels, and he's been shot at and pursued. But he has the jewels safe. I felt them in his pocket," and bending over him again I felt my fingers clutched and guided to the spot where I touched the case bulging in his pocket. But was it my fancy?—or was it some illusion of the senses? For it seemed to me that before my fingers were released they had been saluted by the lips of the wounded man. I thought I heard a whisper:

"I owe you my life—I thank you!"

They were all round him now. Lights were flashing from small electric torches which some of the company possessed and had brought out. I clasped the jewel case in my hands, but I stood aside to let the men get at the wounded messenger. I saw the light flash upon a face, white as death—yet it seemed to be the handsomest and noblest I had ever seen. I have not changed my opinion since! The girls closed round me and carried me off, leaving the men to transport their now unconscious charge to the house. Amongst the assembled guests we had a physician and surgeon both, and

not a moment was lost in attending to his hurts. All the rest of us awaited the verdict with the greatest eagerness and excitement. I was made to repeat my story again and again, and it seemed quite clear that some of the daring burglars of to-day had scented Tony's errand (they do get wind of things in the most marvellous manner, and the wedding of Eustace was no hole-and-corner affair), and had resolved to possess themselves of the jewels his best man was to bring down. But till Eustace himself appeared we could do little more than surmise how he came to be running down the Nun's Walk with a bullet somewhere in his person; and Judith wrung her hands in mock despair that it was not she who had made herself the heroine of that exciting episode.

When Eustace appeared there was a general rush. He stood up with his back to the fire of logs and told the tale.

"Oh, he'll do all right. Plucky chap as ever stepped. Bullet out and the shoulder dressed and comfortable, and he vows he'll be best man to-morrow whatever the medical authorities choose to say. I believe he will, too! He was with the irregulars in South Africa as quite a lad—laughs at laying up for 'a bit of a scratch and a thimbleful of blood.' We shall see——"

"But Eustace, how did it happen? Was he chased? Who shot him?"

"Well, I hope we'll get hold of the gentleman and find that out. What he says is that he must have been shadowed when he left the jewellers, though he took every reasonable precaution. What he knows is that as he drove from the junction in his own dog-cart behind a very fast-stepping horse—his own place is only about ten miles away from the junction in the other direction—he was aware of a small motor-car behind that seemed inclined to rush him—to run into him in fact. Suddenly he had a suspicion, and giving the reins to the groom he swung round and shouted to the men, asking what they were about. Next moment he heard the shot, and knew they were after him and the jewels. He also knew that he was close to the wall of Whiteladies, and that at intervals there were gates. He gave his orders to his man. He himself waited a moment, and dropped off behind. The cart flew away in the darkness, he made for the gate into the grounds, and vaulted over it. All would have been well but for the

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strong headlights on the motor. Those showed him up to the pursuers. They fired a volley. It is a mercy he was not killed on the spot. He felt the ball in the shoulder, but never paused a moment. Then he heard himself pursued, and flew at top speed towards the house. But he was bleeding fast. The inevitable happened. Though by his fleetness he distanced his pursuers, his strength collapsed, and he fell. If somebody had not been at hand to drag him into the shadows of the yews and cover him up and summon help—"Eustace turned towards me with a smile and a bow, and silent hands made a demonstration of applause—"there would have been tragedy at Whiteladies on the eve of the wedding. Luckily the traditions of Whiteladies live yet, and its daughters can play the heroine's part on emergency still."

Oh, if they only knew what a coward I had been really! But it was nice to be regarded as so brave! And then I had the jewel case to give over to Eustace, and there were the beautiful diamonds to exhibit to us all. Then in the middle came the news that the robbers had been caught! They had trapped themselves behind the walls of Whiteladies, failing to find the gate on their hasty return. They had dodged and doubled and run and hidden for quite a time; but the sporting dogs had scented them out one after the other, and now the police had them safe, and were pretty sure that Scotland Yard would be very glad to have news of them on many counts!

It was late before any of us slept that night, and we were early astir upon the morrow. I don't think I had slept more than an hour or two, for I was haunted by the recollection of that encounter in the yew walk, of the fall of that tall figure in the light driving coat, of the horror of feeling pursuit coming nearer and nearer. And still my fingers seemed to tingle at the feel of the kiss laid upon them, and even in my dreams I seemed to hear the faint low voice which said, "I owe you my life—I thank you!"

How bright the sun shone upon the wedding morning! How fair looked the bride! How blithe and happy were all faces! For our wounded hero was reported to have slept famously, and to have declared himself "as fit as a fiddle"; yet I think, until we actually saw him there in the church beside Eustace, his arm in a sling and his

face absolutely colourless, though full of interest and animation, we scarcely believed that he would really rise and dress and play the part of best man. But he did, and he and I walked side by side in the procession afterwards; and when they would not let him take a place at the long table, but set him down in a cushioned chair in the oriel, with a small table of his own, he looked round with his queer, delightful twisted smile to say, "But how can I cut up my own food? Isn't somebody going to be kind enough to help me?" why then I was simply pushed into a seat beside him, and we had our own little wedding-breakfast there to ourselves. Then when the toasts were drunk there was a special one for "First bridesmaid and best man," and almost directly the wag of the party leaped to his feet and gave—

"To the next wedding at Whiteladies," and I felt myself getting redder and redder and hotter and hotter, because everybody turned and stared at us in the most bare-faced way. And when the awful moment was over Tony got hold of my hand beneath the table, and if he did not kiss it again—it seemed to me exactly as though he had!

Tony stayed a fortnight at Whiteladies after that; and I spent the winter there. And he came over every week and sometimes stopped a night or two.

And now there is to be another wedding very soon at Whiteladies. And the family party is gathering fast, and Judith waltzes me up and down the long galleries, and makes me talk of Tony, which I simply love to do.

"You lucky girl! We all adore Tony! And to think how I have been done out of my chance! If only I had gone that night! I declare I should have been twice as brave as you" (that would not have been saying much, I thought). "I should have caught the whole gang single-handed, and simply covered myself with glory! But remember, all you girls, it's my turn now! I'm going to tempt my luck as Maude did. I'm going to be a three-times bridesmaid next week! And don't any of you forget that when the last evening comes, I'm going to be the one to run the gauntlet of the ghost—I'm going to see if there won't be a husband waiting somewhere in the shadows for me in the dark yew tunnel where the White Nun walks!"



"Tunnels have been cut through projecting ridges
and beneath great mountain heights."—p. 356.



Hell Gate,
Fraser River.

*Photo: By permission of the
Canadian Pacific Railway.*

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE HILLS

The Safeguarding of a Great Canadian Railway Line

By LOUISE RICHARDSON RORKE

STRETCHING across the northern part of the continent of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, curving around the rocky shores of Lake Superior, crossing the prairies and the prairie river valleys, climbing or tunnelling the great walls of the Rockies and the Selkirks, lies the narrow steel pathway of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Thirty years ago it was the pioneer track of civilisation, nosing its way into the unknown west; to-day it is the great highway of western colonisation and of the western tourist trek which has grown so deservedly popular. Few of its passengers, looking down dizzying precipices or into foaming canyons from the safety of its carriage windows, give a thought to the

vastness of the enterprise, the greatness of the executive, and the enormity of the labour which made and keeps these narrow tracks not only a passable but a safe highway.

Practically all danger which finds its origin in the condition of the road-bed may be said to result from some instability in the road-bed itself, from steep grades, or from sharp curves. The ideal railway not only has a foundation which is absolutely stable, but it has also only the easiest of grades and curves.

In the first survey of the running line of the Canadian Pacific the men who mapped its course found themselves facing tremendous odds in these particulars. In 300 miles

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Bank approaches placed by hydraulic pressure, Mountain Creek.

its road must complete a climb 2,360 feet in height, descend nearly 3,000 feet, and rise again two-thirds of that distance to surmount a second mountain range. This latter climb must be completed in 20 miles, and in the 40 miles beyond its summit the road must descend again to the level of the eastern prairies, some 700 feet higher than the city of Winnipeg. Along the lake shores of northern Ontario it must cross a country of rock—absolute unyielding granite—where every inch of foothold must be fought for; where, skirting the lake front, the track climbs over steep shoulders in some cases 300 or 400 feet in height, and, edging its way along sheer promontories, drops down again almost to the level of the rippling water—only to face another ascent and another fall.

As a consequence the grading of the road seemed an almost insurmountable obstacle, yet 2.43 per cent. is the steepest grade of the whole line. This grade exists between Hector and Field, just west of Cathedral Mountain.

Such seemingly impossible uniformity of grade has been accomplished in many ways. Tunnels have been cut through projecting ridges and beneath great mountain heights. On the mountain divisions of its main line

the Canadian Pacific has in all fifty-five such tunnels, varying in length from 20 feet to 30 feet to that of the spiral tunnel under Cathedral Mountain, which is 3,255 feet in length. This and its companion tunnel—that under Mount Ogden—are circular, or, rather, spiral. Inside the great mountain the track curves so that the train leaves the tunnel at a point almost directly below the point at which it enters, and some 50 feet lower. A few minutes of sunshine, a flash of bridge and foaming river,

and another spiral tunnel, slightly shorter, slightly more steep in grade, completing the figure 8.

These two tunnels, finished in 1909, have added 4 miles to the length of the track, which now covers 8 miles instead of 4, but they have practically cut the grade in half, reducing it from 4.5 per cent. to 2.25 per cent. On the original track, with its steep grade, four engines were required to handle a train, and even then velocity averaged only about 7 miles an hour. Now but two engines are needed, and the speed has increased to 25 miles an hour.

Traversing the circular tunnels a mere passenger does not notice the curve owing to the darkness; but from the engine the headlight shows the curving rails, and one "feels" the changing direction. It is a weird sensation, this of breaking way through the darkness into the very heart of the great hills. Back in the luxury of the observation car, filled with laughter and light-hearted talk, one knows it vaguely; but in the firelit darkness of the engine's cab, gazing straight out to the rocky walls of the tunnel, feeling with throbbing force the heart-beats of the train—here the enormity of the undertakings sweeps one with a wave of awe. What are we, to

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burrow worm-holes through these great walls with which Nature barricades her prairies, and, in effect, to say, henceforth there shall be neither east nor west? And then into the sunshine the train sweeps exultant out of the darkness. Men—and God—have had their way, and the gates of the hills are unclosed.

More impressive to the ordinary observer are the huge curves as the line sweeps down the mountain-side just beyond Glacier. Here one can look down and see a line of track—our own track, paralleling that on which we run; another moment and our train will be there; and farther up the steep slope we catch glimpses of still another parallel line of flashing steel, the track we have but now left. Here is to be found the sharpest curve on the whole main line—10 degrees 30 seconds—the other six curves of the S figure which the line assumes being all 10-degree curves. Looking from the car windows on these curves, one may see the whole train, with the exception of his neighbouring coaches. There are, of course, hundreds and thousands of lesser curves along the line, and each of these means special care in the construction of the road-bed.

With the elimination of steep grades and the absence of sharp curves, much of the danger of mountain transportation disappears; and when we remember that at one time the mountain divisions contained grades of between 4 per cent. and 5 per cent., and that the large Mallet engines can with safety take a curve of 16 degrees, we understand how well within the limit of safety the great line has been brought despite the tremendous natural obstacles in its course.

All along the line, though more rarely on the prairie divisions, we find fills and cuttings doing their invaluable work in maintaining the uniform level of the road. As in the case of the

tunnels, the cuttings vary from a few feet in length to several miles.

A cut may be in the form of an open trench cut through some bluff or "nose" or penetrating some slight rise; more often it forms a shelf or ledge along the steep side of a slope, and here the cutting is on one side only, as in many places along the canyons of the mountain rivers. This construction gives some of the most splendid and appalling scenes of the whole line. At the Jaws of Death on the Thompson River is an arch bridge built close against the face of the mountain. When the line was first built this was a tunnel, which was followed by a double intersection bridge before the present arch. At Hell Gate, on the Fraser, the railway is thus cut into the cliffs 200 feet or more above the river, which roars and plunges through its narrow gorge below; and near Drynoch it runs on a sinuous ledge cut out of the bare hills on the irregular southern side of the stream. These narrow paths are continually intersected, either by jutting spurs of rock which must be tunnelled, or by the deep ravines of mountain streams, the bridging of which in itself forms no mean problem.

At Bear Creek, east of Rogers Pass, the roadway is notched into the mountain-side 1,000 feet above the Beaver River. In the Kicking Horse Canyon, crossing the river



Canadian Pacific Transcontinental Train,
"The Imperial Ltd.," at Glacier, near Field, B.C.

Photo: By permission of
Canadian Pacific Ry.

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from side to side, it follows what appear to be mere ledges cut out of the solid rock and twisting and turning in every direction.

Such cuttings as these are in most cases supplemented by a "fill," one side of the road-bed being frequently built up with the material taken from the cut. This fill in its turn may be reinforced by a retaining wall, a strong wall-like structure of concrete or of heavy timbers bedded firmly in the slope which they protect.

But quite apart from their auxiliary use in conjunction with cuttings, the fills perform an important work in the grading of the track. Ravines are thus crossed, their tiny streams bridged beneath by culverts; bridge approaches are formed; descents, otherwise too steep, are brought into uniformity; and "muskegs," low marshy tracts of land, are made passable.

This latter is a work of no little skill. In the lake lands of northern Ontario and in south-eastern Saskatchewan and Manitoba, many of these muskegs are to be found. In dry seasons they are in places passable, the sun-dried earth with its binding roots of grass and reeds forming a crust a foot or so in thickness, which sinks and rises above a bed of soft, rich "bog." In wet seasons they are absolutely impassable. How, then, to cross them with the huge engines and long trains of the west-bound traffic and the eastward-moving grain? The fill forms the only answer to this problem—to dump on ballast, carload after carload, to build a trestle and watch it with its filling of rock and gravel and timbers disappear into the depths of the hungry muskeg; to watch the very timbers which were thus voraciously swallowed appearing at the oozing surface hundreds of feet to left or right of the place where they should be doing duty as foundation for a solid road-bed. But patience and a continued perseverance have their reward. At last the appetite of the hungry monster seems appeased. Trestle and pile and ballast have done their work. Right across the springing, spongy surface of the muskeg runs a firm, safe track, the road-bed of a railway.

Second only in difficulty to the grading of the line came the crossing of its rivers; for the streams which, providing passes across the mountain barriers, formed an Open Sesame to the lands beyond, formed also an apparently unconquerable obstruction to the passing of the road. On the Illecillewast River alone there are thirteen bridges in a length of 40 miles, and the Beaver and Kicking Horse are close seconds. The little mountain torrents, many of them pouring down in splendid cascades, cut deep fissures in the steep slopes along which the railway creeps, and thus form one of the chief difficulties in construction along this part of the line. One of the highest bridges in the world crosses Stony Creek, a tributary of the Beaver, a mere noisy rill flowing at the bottom of a narrow V-shaped ravine 300 feet below the level of the bridge.

Apart from the road-bed proper there exists all the extra construction of snow-sheds and fences, guards against sliding mud or rock, and reinforcement against water-currents. Of these the latter is perhaps the most extensive and least noticed.



One of the highest bridges in the world crosses Stony Creek. Built 1893.

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For miles the track follows the canyons of various mountain streams—Beaver, Kicking Horse, Fraser, Illecillewast and Thompson. Often the road skirts the very river-bed itself; in places it has been actually built out into it; and here may be best seen the careful guarding against the huge force of the curving current. In every place of stress the bank has been reinforced by huge timbers or by walls of stone. Wave action, if at all violent, is also a source of danger, for the lapping water rapidly eats into the crumbling ballast of the road-bed. On the Bow River, near the Great Divide, may be seen a strong stone breakwater a few feet from the bank effectually protecting the road-bed of the track.

Throughout the mountains at the foot of every steep slope or cut where there seems a possible danger of sliding rubble or earth, loosened by frost or freshet, or started by the movement of snow or ice above, the track is guarded by strong timbered construction bedded deeply in the slope itself, or by retaining walls of stone or concrete.

Of these extra safeguarding constructions the best known, as well as the most interesting, are the snow-sheds. Throughout the mountain divisions as the train skirts the steep side of some great slope the passenger suddenly finds himself plunged in a brief semi-darkness. From the observation car, as the train emerges again to the light, he sees the timbered portal of what he would describe as a tunnel whose roof and walls are made of wood.

In reality these structures are strongly-timbered wooden sheds, or, more properly, outside tunnels, with sloping roofs built over the track. They are built of heavy

squared cedar timber bolted and dovetailed together, and are backed with rock. Where the track skirts the base of some steep slope or creeps along some narrow ledge half-way up the mountain-side, there is a constant danger of sliding snow from the time of the first heavy winter storms until long after every vestige of snow has left the lower hills. Far up above the snow line the summer sunshine is sending down tiny trickling streams of water which, running beneath the snow, loosen and soften it, and at last send it rushing down in huge masses to the valley below. Or huge portions of ice and snow break from an overhanging glacier and slide down the precipitous slopes, snapping the great trees like matchwood, leaving only a shorn destruction in their wake.

Hence is necessary the strong timbering



The Jaws of Death, Thompson Canyon, Thompson, B.C.

Photo by permission of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE OUIVER



The Spiral Tunnels,
near Field, B.C.

*Photo: By permission of the
Canadian Pacific Railway.*

of the snow-shed. Capable of bearing many thousands of tons' weight, and so fitted into the slope beside it as to tend to throw off the sliding snow, it stands secure even under avalanches of terrific weight and force.

Outside the mountain divisions snow-sheds are unnecessary; but the wind, sweeping across the winter prairie, carries a similar if less awful menace. Every little cut, every dip where the snow can find a resting place, fills to the top with a resistant mass of whiteness. Therefore the prairie divisions have their long lines of snow fences, panels of which can be set up for the winter months, and which during summer are piled together teepee-like to shed the rain, or left standing, a puzzle to the unaccustomed traveller.

Thus against inconceivable odds the line has been projected, its road-bed made a safe highway over which may pass the traffic of a world. But eternal vigilance is the price of safety, and the track must be guarded against all possible mishap. A rotted tie; a rail out of place or broken by

the weight of a passing train; the action of water, wave or current, eating out the ballast of the road-bed; fallen rock or snow or other foreign substance on the track, passing unnoticed, might cause tremendous loss of life and property. To detect such things in their incipient stages, to reinforce weakness and to remove obstructions, is the duty of an army of workers stretching in open order all along the great line. Every part of the track is patrolled by these men at regular intervals of time. Long tunnels and bridges and all places where danger appears to threaten in any way are walked before the passing of every train and again immediately after.

Besides this daily inspection by the trackmen, the road is also inspected four or five times during each week by the roadmaster from the rear of his train, or, should repairs be in progress, from a hand-car; and at least once a month the divisional superintendent makes his inspection. In places of possible danger, where slides threaten, some one is on duty practically all the time.

THE WHITE FEATHER

The Man who did not Enlist

By M. ELLEN THONGER

"NOT both. One can go, but the other must stay."

"I do not see it. England is calling for every man."

"We employ three thousand men, Bob, and the war has hit us hard. If one remains he may, by strenuous exertion, keep the works going, even at a loss; if we both go, Warrinder's closes."

"At a time like this private necessities must give way to national needs."

"I cannot think that a man more or less in the fighting line will make up for practical starvation for three thousand, and their families. Come, Bob, you know as well as I do that one must give up."

"And have white feathers presented by girls, and be called Slacker by men!"

"I do not suggest that the one who remains will have a bed of roses," responded Bruno Warrinder dryly. "Look here, old chap, we are both keen to go. Let us take even chances. I am not fond of tossing in serious matters, but this has to be settled instantly. Do you agree?"

"No, I do not," said the younger brother sullenly. "I do not see why I should be bound by your conscience any more than you are by mine. I go."

There was a brief pause.

"Very well. Good luck go with you."

But the quietness and pleasantness were an obvious effort, and Bob Warrinder left the room with a flush of shame.

For there was something behind this talk of active service—something which neither had mentioned, but both knew to be there; and that something was Cicely Clare. Cicely, who frankly admitted that she loved a soldier; Cicely, the number of whose admirers, more or less serious, was only limited by the number of men who knew her, though it was generally believed by all that the Warrinder brothers were first favourites. Neither dared exactly hope that she would accept the one who went, but, in their hearts, both held that the one who remained would definitely lose his chance.

To Bruno she was the one woman. He had loved her as boy and man, strongly, unwaveringly. He could not remember the time when a smile from her had not set his heart tumbling, and the blood racing through his veins. To Bob she was the last and most serious of half a dozen light-hearted flames. But Bob was a gay, merry fellow, with an attractiveness for the opposite sex to which his brother could lay no claim.

Left alone, Bruno's teeth closed tightly and his fingers clenched. He had made up his mind, but he did not dare yet to count the cost.

It was several days before he accidentally met the girl in the street, and those days had rasped his nerves raw. Everyone who spoke to him uttered some word of admiration of Bob, and either bluntly asked, or silently looked the inquiry, as to why he had not accompanied his brother.

"So Bob has gone?" she said eagerly, without other greeting.

"Yes. And I have not! And I am not going!"

So harsh, almost brutal, was his voice in his pain and misery, and his determination to forestall the question he expected, that her cheeks flamed crimson in amazement, and she shrank back, letting fall a small tissue-paper bag as she did so.

He grew hot with shame as he stooped for it.

"I am sorry. May I carry it for you?" he muttered humbly.

She looked at him, flushing and paling, hesitated, then signed assent. But before she could speak a man rushed up.

"Sir! Mr. Bruno!" he panted. "An accident! Bad!"

A private motor was drawing up at the kerb. Without a thought of ownership the young man leapt for it, and hurled himself inside.

"Warrinder's works! Quick!" he shouted.

There had been an explosion. To be exact, there had been two, and the men who had ventured back to the rescue of

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their injured comrades after the first had mainly scattered again in terror after the second. Now they edged in gingerly after their employer. The big yard was packed with debris. Several writhing, twisting figures were scattered about, and here and there was one which lay horribly still. A few of the pluckier sort were kneeling by them. There was a curious, death-like silence save for low moans, and, cutting through it, came a quavering, incessantly repeated cry:

"Help! Help!"

Running by the main building was a long, low shed. On it was a mass of fallen wreckage. Why it had not given way under the impact no one could say, but obviously any moment the sagging roof might cave in.

Warrinder pointed towards it. "Who's in there?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Old Joe Larkins!"

The answer came in chorus as the men cast terrified glances in the direction, but no one moved towards it.

The manager caught his employer's arm. "Your life is worth more than his," he stammered. "It's almost certain death, sir. It may fall any second."

Warrinder shook him off, and raced the length. The old man ceased his cries as he recognised his young master.

"Ah'm pinned!" he panted, "and ma leg's broke. Lift the beam, sir, and Ah'll mak' shift to crawl aht."

It was done instantly, and Warrinder raised the shaking old figure in his arms, with a momentary sense of thankfulness for the splendid physique and the powerful thews and sinews of which he had been so ashamed during the last few days. Half a dozen pairs of hands took his burden from him as he reached the outer air again, just as, with a roaring crash and a cloud of dust, the shed collapsed.



"I am not logical," meditated Warrinder, leaning his elbows on his desk, his chin on his palms, and staring straight before him. "I would not go to the war for the sake of the fifteen thousand odd men, women and children dependent on the works, yet I risked the whole for the sake of one old man. I cannot say either that it was done without thought, on the impulse of the moment, for I knew perfectly well what I was doing—and yet I could not leave old

Larkins to die. It was utterly illogical. I wonder if, after all, I have been wrong not to go." He paused a few moments in dreary speculation. "And I wonder, too, how many times I have wondered and doubted since Bob went. What is that?"

A small tissue-paper bag lay on the desk before him, and, thankful to have distraction from his troubled, uneasy thoughts, he drew it towards him. Next moment the colour rushed to his cheeks as he recollected.

"Cicely's," he muttered. "I must have dropped it in the motor or at the works, and someone has brought it here. I must take it to her at once, and apologise." His face brightened with a lover's eagerness. Under the circumstances he would not have sought her without adequate reason, but this was excuse enough for any man. He was balancing the little parcel on the tips of his fingers. "Dare I—dare I ask her opinion?" he speculated undecidedly. "Perhaps if she knew— No, I dare not. If she said 'Go,' the temptation might be too much. Hallo! I shall be smashing something."

The bag had slipped from his hold to the floor. He bent down, then started back, staring at it as though it had been a viper. The lightly twisted paper had partially opened. Next instant he had snatched out the contents.

It was dainty and graceful, every delicately curled filament a triumph of nature and art, but it was—a *white feather*.

For a few moments the room was very still as a man crouched in his chair, his face in his arms, fighting with shame, anger, and the horrible agony of refused and insulted love.

"She need not have done that!" The cry was in his heart, not on his lips. "Even if she did not approve she might have spared me that!"

For a while the storm continued, and then he stood up. His eyes were grim, his face set as a stone, as, with a steady hand, he placed the embodiment of almost the worst taunt a woman can offer a man, in a drawer. But the look of indecision was gone. The incident had at least made up his mind for him. If he went now it would not be for King and country, not even for duty, but to win back the good opinion of a girl who cared so little for him that she could condemn him unheard.

And that he would not do.

THE WHITE FEATHER

England was passing through a bad time. The long-expected European War had at last broken out, suddenly, unexpectedly—at least to the general public. Men of all classes from the highest to the lowest were fighting, or drilling preparatory to fighting. Women, from the Queen to the beggar, were working and praying for their men. Already, though the war was but a few weeks old, news of little victories and little casualties were filtering through, and victories and casualties alike spelt agony to hearts at home.

Amongst others Mrs. Warrinder also suffered. She was a beautiful, delicate woman, who, all her life, had been petted and adored by her men folk. Nothing that love or money could obtain was ever denied her. Now trouble could not be kept away, and she alternately wept and gloried over her soldier son's letters, and talked about him to everybody who would listen.

Cicely Clare was her chief confidante. The girl ran in and out of the house at her own pleasure, as she had done all her life, and spent much time trying to console the terrors of the fragile, anxious mother.

Bruno rarely met her. For one thing her visits were usually paid while he was at business, and for another he avoided her when he could. Once they accidentally encountered each other, and in his jealous misery and shame, naturally perhaps, but unwisely, he permitted himself a curt criticism of his brother.

"I wish he had the sense to keep his stories of hardships and atrocities to himself."

"He never complains," retorted Cicely sharply, and, he thought, resentfully.

"Of course not. He has too much pride for that. But he tells."

"I suppose he thinks his mother will be interested in everything."

"Interested!" he responded bitterly. "When a delicate, sensitive woman stays awake half the night shuddering over privations and horrors, or wakes out of troubled sleep crying out that they are torturing her boy, it does not strike me that the interest is very healthy."

He did not mention how many hours he spent at the bedside soothing hysterical tears and terrors.

Cicely bit her lip and flushed. "Perhaps Bob is not so thoughtful as he might be,

but no one can doubt his courage"—as they do yours.

She did not utter the last words, she might not even have thought them, but the man, wincing and shrinking under many slights, some real, some only imaginary, so finished her sentence, and turned away abruptly, with a visionary white feather waving before his eyes.

As the weeks passed, Mrs. Warrinder had other troubles.

"Bruno stayed at home in order to keep the works going," she told Cicely one day, "but he does not find it easy; and we have to economise dreadfully. The other day he sent for three of the servants and told them that he could not afford to keep them after the month. If they chose to stay for board and lodging till they found other places he could manage for the present, otherwise they must go."

Cicely bit her lip. "I dare say he finds it necessary, dear," she said gently. "Everyone knows that Warrinder's is being kept running at a loss. We must all make sacrifices."

"I do," protested Mrs. Warrinder tearfully. "I am knitting army socks, and I used to go to the sewing meetings till the chauffeur enlisted, and Bruno said we could not afford another. Don't you think he has changed, Cicely? At one time he was always ready to take me to the theatre or concerts; now we rarely go."

"Perhaps he does not think it right to spend on pleasure. There is so much want about."

"I do not agree. If no one patronises theatres, how are the artistes and others dependent upon them to live? I said this to him yesterday, and so we went. But it was not a cheerful play, and he fell asleep in the first act, and never woke until the curtain went down. He works so hard," she added wistfully, annoyance giving way to motherly anxiety. "It is often nearly light before I hear him go to his bedroom, and he only laughs when I remonstrate."

But there came worse troubles than economies, or even Bruno's tired face.

Bob's letters, always erratic, ceased.

At first they thought little of a longer interval than usual, then Bruno reassured his mother by telling her that communications were frequently held back, but after that followed days and weeks of wearing

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anxiety. Mrs. Warrinder scanned every list of killed, wounded and missing; despite her son's attempts to keep them from her, she read every newspaper edition that she could. Gradually terror took possession of the feeble frame. She was absolutely certain that he was a prisoner, and every atrocity, authenticated or denied, was devoured and believed until the whole German nation became a mighty, soulless, heartless ghoul, thirsting to torture and mutilate her boy.

It was at this juncture that Cicely was unavoidably compelled to leave home for a few days. She went reluctantly, and on her return hastened round immediately, almost dreading to hear what had happened during her absence.

She was received with a quiver of sobs and laughter mingled.

"He has come back, Cicely! My boy is home again."

"Hurt? Badly?" whispered the girl, with dilating eyes.

"He is better now, thank God! I was right. He was wounded and taken prisoner, but managed to escape. He does not remember how he got to our lines, but he was found and taken to the hospital, and as soon as possible drafted back."

The girl sat down suddenly, feeling a little shaken.

"Do you mean he is here?" she managed to say.

"Yes, here—at home—with me. He came two days ago. He is much stronger, but I make him lie down a great deal; he is resting now. He wrote from the hospital, but his letter only came to hand yesterday. I must read it to you." She fumbled with eager, excited, trembling hands in her work-basket, then shook her head. "I have left it in the study. Go for it, dear. It is either on the desk or in the right-hand drawer—or is it the left?"

Cicely went unwillingly. Would Bruno be there? A few weeks ago she would have thought nothing of her errand, but now she felt extreme reluctance to meet the man who, until lately, had always been a friend. To her relief the room was empty. A glance showed her the letter was not on the desk, and, anxious to get away quickly, she jerked open a drawer.

It was not there, but— Suddenly the blood rushed in a torrent to her cheeks, and the room swayed a little.

"You see I keep your present."

The words, harsh, biting, and unexpected, made her turn quickly.

So utterly was she taken by surprise, so thoroughly disconcerted, that she lost her presence of mind.

"That plume is mine, Bruno," she stammered.

"Pardon me—mine." His voice was like ice. "I do not return gifts."

For a few moments she almost cowered under the stern, grim gaze, with every vestige of colour ebbing away as she stared at him as though fascinated.

"You will be pleased to see that there are others who share your opinion of me, and have expressed it in like manner."

Her gaze wandered to two small white quills at which he pointed, and then, with a rush, the crimson flamed back to her cheeks as she sprang forward and caught his arm.

"What do you mean, Bruno, what do you mean! How dare you!" she cried furiously. "Are you accusing me of being one of those ignorant, heartless"—she paused, but the fierce word had its way—"idiots who dare to tell men, of whose reasons they know nothing, that they are cowards for not going to the war? Is that what you mean? Is that the reason you have avoided me of late, that when we have met you have looked at me with eyes that—that cut like a knife?"

"You gave it to me," he muttered, but his voice shook and trembled, and a great rush of relief surged through him. The angry voice was music in his ears, the blazing eyes balm to his sore heart.

"Gave it to you! I did not!" There was no courteous "Pardon me" in the fierce contradiction. "You asked permission to carry my parcel. Look at that!" She snatched up the plume, showing a small tag. "Do you see that? The price? Two guineas! Do you think I spent two guineas in order to tell a man whom from childhood I had known, and trusted, and— and liked"—but there was no liking now in the passionate eyes that blazed into his—"that he was a coward! Gave it to you! I had ordered it before the war broke out, and was carrying it home when we met. It was the day of the accident at your works—I happen to know Mrs. Larkins, Bruno." Her face softened slightly, then she hurried on. "My brothers were called to the Front



"The words, harsh, biting, and unexpected,
made her turn quickly."

Drawn by
A. E. Satchell.

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that evening, and in the excitement I forgot all about it, and, when I remembered, could not think what I had done with it. I called at several shops to see if I had left it, but without avail. I never once thought of you. And you have had it all this time, and have been thinking——" Her voice choked suddenly.

"Cicely!" He caught both hands. "Cicely, forgive me," he whispered.

She pulled herself away. "Who gave you those quills?" she demanded, but the anger in her voice was not for him now, and he realised it.

"Girls—in the town."

Before he understood her intention she had snatched up all three, snapped them in her hand, and hurled them into the fire.

"There!" she panted.

His mouth twitched nervously. "It was pretty hard, but not like that other. It has been a horrible time. It was bad enough to feel I had lost you, but to know that you despised and scorned me——" He steadied himself with difficulty. "But it is all right now, and I—I can wish you happiness, you and—Bob. You know he is back, don't you?" he finished huskily.

The girl stiffened again suddenly, and her face burnt. "I do not understand. Lost me!—wish me—and Bob—happiness?" she repeated.

He drew a quick breath. "Perhaps I ought not to have said it."

"You certainly ought not to have said it! It is most"—she hesitated, but it came out crisply—"impertinent! If I understand you aright you have refused one man and accepted another for me, not only before either has done me the honour of asking me, but without giving me the slightest choice in the matter!"

Despite the crushing nature of her observations a light sprang to his face as he took a hasty step forward. She moved back, but without any particular decision in her manner, and still spoke stiffly.

"Girls do not care for their acceptances to be taken for granted, Bruno, nor even their—rejections." Then her eyes laughed suddenly, and once more her colour rose.

"Cicely!" Somehow he had both hands again. "You can't mean it! Don't struggle, Cicely, I—I can't let you go. You must say 'Yes' or 'No' to me now."

"To what question?" she demanded demurely. Then, as she caught sight of his face her own changed. "Oh, don't, Bruno, don't look like that! I will not tease—dear."



"I must see your father at once."

It was Warrinder's first intelligible observation.

Cicely laughed half shyly. "Considering that he will not be at home yet, don't you think you could wait till evening?" she suggested quizzically.

"I can't. Oh, I forgot, I have not told you." He drew a long breath. "My darling, I am so thankful you did not know first. I offered for the Front as soon as Bob returned, and am to join my regiment to-night."

The girl gave a quick gasp, but her head was erect, her eyes proud and shining. He held her closely as he went on:

"He is quite well enough to look after the business, but the doctors say there will be no more fighting for him for at least twelve months." He paused, then added wistfully, "Cicely, have I been right or wrong?"

"I do not know," she replied thoughtfully. "I suppose opinions will be very much divided. All I know is that you chose the infinitely harder part—and I honour you for it," she added softly, and her voice was a caress.

He drew a long, happy breath, then his face shaded a little, even in his gladness.

"Poor Bob! He has lost everything."

And his intent, eager look told plainly what would have been "everything" to him.

Cicely flushed, but laughed. "You mean that he will be broken-hearted? I dare say. But I am sure of two things—it will not be for the first time, and it is not I who have broken it. I have seen his letters, you know. I am rather divided as to whether the culprit will prove to be the little Belgian girl he so pluckily rescued from those two German brutes, or the French girl who begged one of his buttons as a souvenir, or——"

She stopped. Voices were heard outside.

"Properly taken care of, mother dear? I should say so! The nurse was a peach—a perfect peach! I never saw such eyes!"

BOOKS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY

By ERNEST A. BAKER, M.A., D.Lit.

FROM whatever point of view it is regarded, the literary greatness of the book, its inspiration and its influence upon the history of the human race, the vastness of its circulation as measured by the multitudes of copies which have been published and distributed, the enormous literature to which it has given birth, or even the more sordid question of the sums of money paid for single copies of rare editions, the Bible is without doubt the most wonderful book in all the libraries of the world.

To relate the history of the Bible, how the library of works of which it is composed came to be put together, the problems of their authenticity, the questions of verbal and higher criticism involved in its study, the course of its publication in all lands, and the gigantic efforts that have been put forth in order to make it available to the most ignorant races, would fill the pages of a very large book. The mere fact that one Bible Society alone, that of America, had by the year 1909 circulated eighty-four million copies, and translated the sacred work into more than one hundred languages, is sufficient indication of the magnitude of these efforts to promulgate the Scriptures.

The first book printed by means of movable types was the Latin Bible, of which edition, now famous as the Mazarine Bible, more will be said later. Before the end of the fifteenth century—during the following fifty years—no less than 124 editions had been published. The number of editions that have since appeared is utterly beyond computation. Patient evangelists have acquired a knowledge of the most obscure and difficult languages for the sole purpose of translating and expounding the Bible.

The Bible has been the first book written in many barbarous tongues. It has laid the foundation of racial literatures; patois and jargons without an alphabet have become literary languages, through the impetus of this desire to make known the Scriptures in the dark places of the earth.

The permanence and the strength of this impetus are testimony enough to the importance which humanity attaches to the contents of the Bible. The influence it has had upon the destinies of nations is writ large upon the pages of history. If you would gain some idea of its inspirational power, glance merely at the volumes of the British Museum Catalogue, in which are entered the titles of an enormous host of books owing the reason of their existence to the Bible, not forgetting that these are but a part of the whole.

Most striking evidence of all, it seems to me, illustrating the significance of the Bible to mankind, is furnished by a few statistics relating to the work of the Bible societies. These are legion, but the British come easily first in zeal and devotion and the astounding success of their labours. The well-known Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge publishes versions of the Bible in 38 different languages, and in one year (that of 1905-6, for which the figures are before me) issued in England alone 116,126 Bibles and 17,783 New Testaments. But the greatest organisation devoted to this work is the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has 58,000 auxiliaries or local societies in this country and 2,000 abroad engaged in the distribution of the Scriptures. In the year mentioned, the Society achieved the enormous circulation of 5,977,453 copies of the whole or select portions of the Bible. By the end of March, 1906, it had expended a total sum of £14,686,072, raised by voluntary efforts, and circulated 198,515,199 copies, 78 millions of which were in English. There are similar associations in most civilised countries. The work of the American society has already been referred to. The most successful foreign society apart from this is the Russian branch of the British and Foreign, which circulates some 600,000 Bibles annually.

After these figures it may seem strange to state that another work is probably the

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most widely read book in existence; yet that seems to be the truth about the sacred scriptures of the Mohammedans, who number some two hundred millions, and use the Koran for public worship and in schools much more than Christians use the Bible. The Mussulman regards the Koran as the actual word of God, miraculously revealed to their prophet Mohammed, who transmitted it in the form of *suras*, or divisions, to his followers. At first it was not written but committed to memory by reciters. Then, when many of these authorised recorders had been killed in battle, the successor of the prophet commanded that it should be written down, and Mohammed's amanuensis produced the first text. But various conflicting versions came into being through the frailties of memory, or perhaps through differences in the wording of passages dictated by the prophet at various times.

The Caliph Osman accordingly ordered a careful collation of the existing texts, issued an authoritative version, and directed that all other copies should be burned. Through these circumstances room was left for much

verbal criticism, and the Koran, like the Bible, has given birth to an army of commentators and inspired a vast library of explanatory literature.

So profound is the reverence of the pious Mohammedan for the Koran, the substance of which is considered as uncreate and eternal, that he may not touch the volume without performing a ceremonial ablution, and it is ordained that the book, when it is being read, must be kept on a stand elevated above the floor.

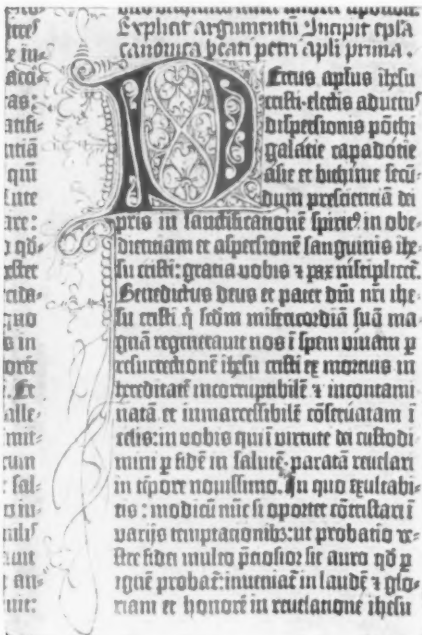
Inspired by the doctrines set down in the Koran, the Moslems sallied forth to conquer the world. They overran northern Africa, they conquered a huge portion of Asia, they subjugated the south-east of Europe and threatened the existence of Christendom.

As previously mentioned, there are now 200,000,000 Mohammedans in the world, whereas all the Protestants taken together only number 150,000,000.

Never has there been a world power in which religion has been more closely bound up with national feeling and the instinct of expansion. Perhaps the energy of Mohammedanism is declining. Recent events seem to betoken that the forward impetus has been reversed. Yet, unquestionably, the peoples who revere the Koran still possess a solidarity that is sadly lacking in the nations of Christendom, and they may yet prove that they have a staying power as unconquerable as the sword of the prophet.

Apart from books representing divine inspiration, the volumes we can point to as having had the most direct influence on the mind of man are probably those containing the works of Homer and of Shakespeare. I omit the famous "Book of the Dead," that stupendous monument of the religion, the mysticism, and the spiritual history of the ancient Egyptians, for to deal with that great tome adequately I should have to devote many pages to it alone. I have not quoted the works of the great philosophers, advisedly, for these belong, like the books of Confucius or the Buddhist writings, to a totally different category.

The ordinary man does not read Kant or even Bacon; Plato and Aristotle have always been food for the cultured, not the man in the street or the men who govern nations. Bentham and Mill and Spencer



A Portion from the Mazarine Bible.

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ultimately produce an indelible effect upon the will of humanity and the tenor of the world's history; but this comes about through the absorption of their teaching by hundreds of intermediaries, through whose minds it filters down into public opinion and general education. The poet, on the contrary, achieves the same instant response as the born orator, and his influence is as much alive centuries later as when his poems are first recited.

Homer was a power in the ancient world; he has been a power in literature ever since. Shakespeare's influence upon thought, expression, and action has not been limited to the theatre or to England. To-day it is interesting to recall that he enjoys an immense popularity in Germany, where he occupies a far larger place in the life of the people than is the case in England.

Shakespeare has become a world force, and a force that is in all probability not yet at the zenith.

The works of both men have given rise to a large body of textual and other criticism; the Homeric and the Shakespeare questions have excited far-reaching conflicts of opinion, and are still far from settled. The problems involved are not dissimilar to those outlined above in reference to the Bible and the Koran. Homer composed the "Iliad" before the invention of writing; Shakespeare took no trouble whatever to leave a fair copy of his plays for the benefit of posterity.

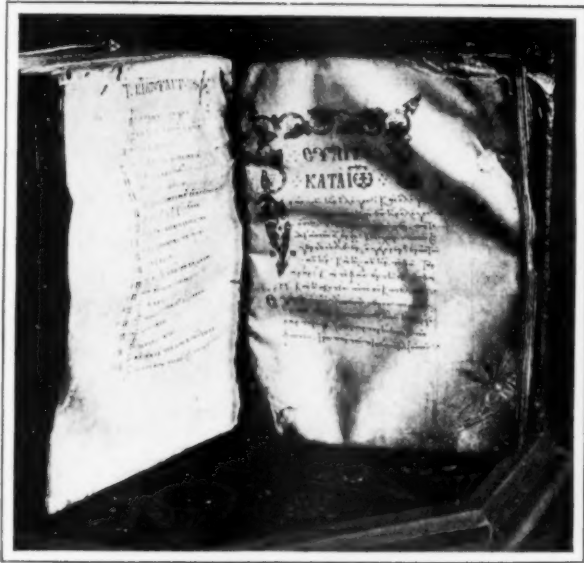
Whether, accordingly, Homer was the sole author of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and whether the text we have gives us the correct meaning of Shakespeare, are problems that will continue to agitate serious minds for centuries to come.

Homer, the oldest of poets, still remains the greatest. To read him aloud in the original Greek gives one a sense of splendour, heroic energy, and sublimity that no

other writing can compass—it is one of the most exciting sensations one can indulge in.

Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist. Both have been translated into almost as many languages as the Bible; both will go on inspiring the production of other books as they have done so plentifully in the past; and since Shakespeare is the poet of the modern age, we may well believe that those beautiful buildings erected at Birmingham and Stratford-on-Avon to house his works and the literature connected therewith, must one day fail to hold all that has been written.

The inspiration of the books enumerated above is incalculable, for the effect of inspiration, whether divine or poetic, cannot be measured. Many instances, on the other hand, have arisen of books that have had the effect of an earthquake, have made history, and then have sunk into partial oblivion. Thus, Rousseau's "Le Contrat Social" was one of the potent causes that produced the French Revolution. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gave the final blow to the American slave system, and wrought the Northern States into a



Greek Gospel. About 900 A.D.
(First Chapter of St. John.)

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flame that was quenched only by five years of civil war.

The last-named book is still not unread ; but who ever thinks now of dipping into the pages of an eleventh-century tome—though a translation is accessible—Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of the British Kings" ? This work leapt into fame without delay, though it came long before the age of printed books, and it gave European currency to the old Welsh legend of King Arthur, inspiring a mass of stories in prose or metre that almost entirely swamped all other subjects of history or romance. The literature it has begotten is fairly comparable in bulk and other respects to those dealing with the Homeric and the Shakespearean problems, and it is still a potent force.

Before Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" he had prepared a scheme for a great poem on King Arthur, and it was almost by accident that the greatest epic in the English language was not dedicated to the old British hero rather than to the divine story of man's fall and redemption.

Tennyson adopted the theme in his "Idylls of the King," Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and Swinburne made it the subject of great verse ; Wagner based upon it his "Tristan und Isolde" and his "Parsifal." But the greatest effect of the Arthurian legend was to have fed the spirit of chivalry throughout Europe to the end of the Middle Ages and long after. "Don Quixote" may have dealt the last stroke to the effete knight-errantry of his time, but the great Arthurian doctrines of courage, gentleness, and loyalty have remained a lasting inspiration in the noble examples enshrined in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" and in innumerable poems, plays, and modern novels.

The actual volume which has had the most romantic history of any in the world is the famous "Cathach," or Battle Book of

the O'Donnells. It gave one a thrill to hold in one's hand this bundle of fifty-eight leaves of vellum, and to know that here was the actual writing of Columba, or Columcille, the Apostle of Caledonia, founder of Iona, the saint who departed this life before the end of the sixth century A.D. It gave further heart-stirrings to think of the vicissitudes through which this very tome had come, of battles waged over its possession, of the scenes of strife through which it had passed as the ensign of victory to an ancient race of warriors.

In "The Cloister and the Hearth" Reade tells us the story of the father of Erasmus, and he might have modelled it on the actual history of Columba, who had the same passionate love of books, and bequeathed to Irishmen the same renown as a scribe who copied and multiplied many books, before another art had super-

seded the craft of the transcriber.

The Abbot of Clonard possessed a Psalter, which Columba eagerly desired to copy, but was unable to obtain permission. Believing the fraud pardonable in the interests of piety, the young man copied out the book by stealth, under cover of night. But his lamp was observed through the church window, and after the work was completed the Abbot claimed the result.

In the Halls of Tara the case was argued before King Dermot, who adjudged that the book was the property of him who owned the original, on the principle that a calf belongs to the owner of the cow. But Columba refused to give up his treasure ; his disciples took arms, and waged a successful war for the retention of the sacred volume.

It is said that Columba was stricken with remorse for the bloodshed thus occasioned, and devoted the rest of his life to the missionary labours which have made him celebrated in British history.

He left the book to the chief of the



Oldest Existing Paper MS.
"Sayings of Mohammed."

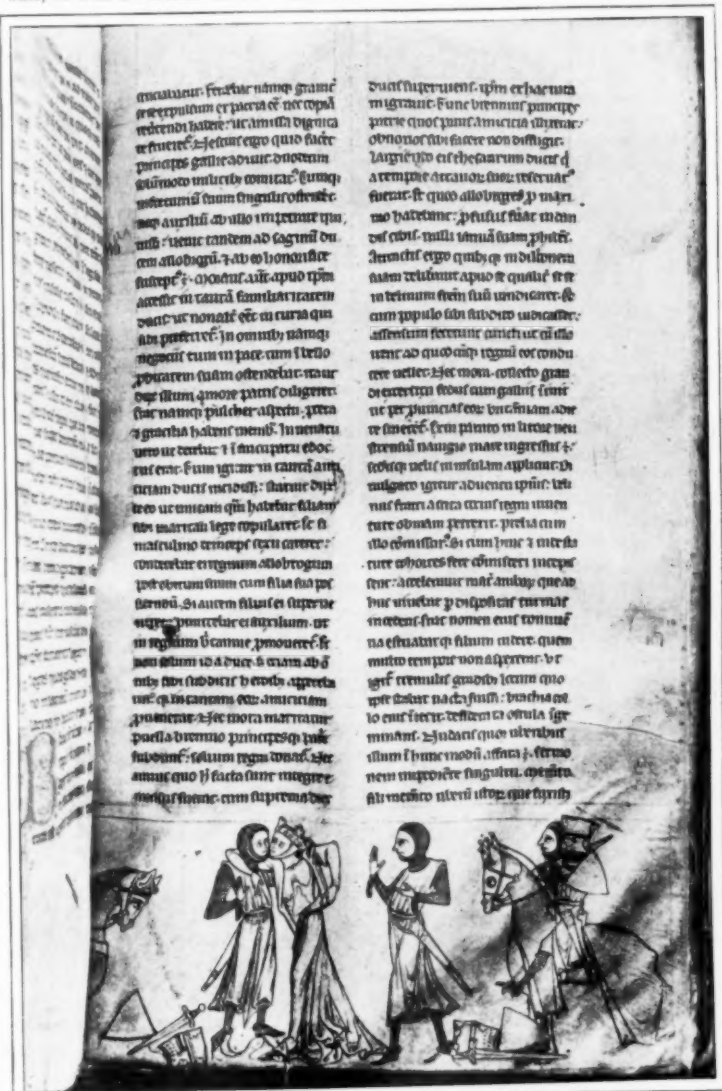
BOOKS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY

O'Donnells, the principal tribe in Tyrconnel, who, with the tribes of Tyrone, had fought for it against Dermot. Henceforth it became known as "Leabhar Cathach," or the Book of Battle, and for ages it was believed that if the book were carried three times round the enemy, in the same direction as the course of the sun, it was a certain omen of victory. A casket of brass and silver, beautifully chased, was made to hold it, and is still preserved. Daniel O'Donnell, who was in the defeat of the Boyne, carried it away into exile, and is said to have borne it with him on many a foreign campaign. He left directions that it should be delivered up when claimed by the head of the clan. Then it remained in a Belgian monastery until, soon after Waterloo, it was surrendered to Sir Neil O'Donnell.

After further vicissitudes, it was at length deposited in the library of the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin, where a sharp eye has to be kept over its safety, for the zeal of transatlantic collectors is well known,

and substantial sums have been offered for the purchase of a single leaf.

One would like to fill up some of the blanks in the history of the book. This has been done for one period by Miss L. MacManus, a novelist well versed in the antiquities of Ireland, who in her romance, "Nuala," has told how the chief of the O'Donnells



A Page from Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of the British Kings."

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during the Napoleonic wars, being in the Austrian service, entrusted the book before his death to an only child, a girl of fifteen, and how she was captured by the French and saved by Marshal MacMahon, ultimately conveying the precious volume to its destination.

It seems like a descent to the commonplace to allude to the offer of money for such relics of ancient piety and venerable associations as the "Cathach," or to the prices which rare copies of the Bible, the Prayer Book, and the works of Shakespeare have fetched in the auction mart. But after all, such facts bear their testimony to values of a higher order.

When printing was invented it was to the Bible that the art was first applied. The famous Mazarine Bible is still, perhaps, the most magnificent example of the printer's pains and craftsmanship. The first copy known in modern times of this superb production of Gutenberg's press at Mainz was discovered in 1760, by a lucky accident, in the Mazarin Library at Paris; hence the name. About a score of copies are now known to be in existence, five of them on vellum. A copy sold in 1884, after a contest between famous collectors, realised £3,900, the largest price ever paid for a book up to that date. Yet at the same sale the same purchaser, the original Mr. Quaritch, paid the sum of £4,950 for a splendid Psalter, printed at Mainz in 1459, the first printed book with a date. A three-figure price for a book from Caxton's press is an ordinary event; certain of these have attained prices running into four. But there is more room for astonishment that the first editions of the works of Shakespeare, which are not renowned for beauty of print or even perfect records of the great playwright's actual words, should attain enormous prices. Some of his plays were published in quarto form during his life; the collected editions came later in four folios published at intervals from 1623 to 1685. These four folios have together fetched the sum of £10,000. In 1906 the first folio realised the sum of £3,000. Several quartos, once available at sixpence a copy, have changed hands at the rate of £1,000 apiece;

and the unique copy of "Titus Andronicus," published in 1594, has sold for £2,000.

Books with strong personal associations, like the devotional works used by famous queens, have been sold for fabulous sums. But there is more real interest in the value placed upon such things as certain editions of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler," the first of which has appeared in a bookseller's catalogue priced at £235, and has reached the figure of £310 in the auction room. To say that it has fetched its weight in gold would be a long way below the mark. Of late years quite modern books have achieved incredible prices, largely through the craze for limited editions and the competition of American collectors. In many cases these fictitious values are not maintained. Thus productions of the Kelmscott Press can now be seen frequently offered for a quarter of the price they commanded ten years ago; and the priceless Elzevirs which were spoken of in the early half of last century with bated breath have now come down in desirableness enormously. One can understand the worth placed upon a thing which is absolutely unique, yet it is not so easy to appreciate the enthusiasm of the collector who paid £1,130 recently for the manuscript of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh."

Among books which are wonderful simply because they are strange must be placed certain manufactured curiosities. An extravagant hobby of the bibliophile and the producer who caters for his wants is the microscopic edition. There are printed books much smaller than a postage stamp; in fact there is a Dutch book printed in 1674 which contains 49 pages and is only a quarter the size of a penny stamp. But the smallest book in the world appears to be a volume measuring $9\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 millimetres and containing 208 pages, which was printed some sixteen years ago by Salmin of Padua.

The tiniest Bible was that issued by the Glasgow firm of David Bryce and Son in 1896, comprising 936 pages on the thinnest India paper, and measuring $1\frac{3}{4}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. The possibilities of miniature printing were exhibited by a New Yorker who engraved 12,000 letters on a plate $\frac{1}{8}$ in. square.



THE DUST OF LIFE

Serial Story

By JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER XI

THE DISCOVERY

"YOU are better, young Lily Master. Your eyes shine bright again. Your hands are steady. You can see the stars and the blue sky. The clouds are gone. The mists have rolled away. Is it not so?"

"I feel jolly fit," laughed Cedric. "A bit shaky on my pins even yet, but I'm as light-hearted as a kid!"

"I think I know what you mean," said Sunflower, showing his white teeth, "but your words are strange."

"Yes," laughed the boy; "they are what in England we call 'slang,' but they mean that I'm cured. In a few days more I'll be as strong as ever."

Sunflower placed his hands upon Cedric's arm, pressed the flesh, and then passed his fingers down his body.

"One week, two weeks, yet," he said. "You were near the gates of death, because death was in your veins. But life conquered death, and now you will live. You will go back to some white maiden in your own country. But you will not forget Sunflower, eh?"

"Never," replied the boy. They were sitting beneath a great tree near the mission house, through the dense foliage of which the rays of the sun could not pierce. A gentle breeze played around them, and the air, in spite of the fact that it was scorching in the sunlight, was here cool and refreshing.

"You speak English well," said Cedric, looking into the black man's face.

"Mr. Crayfield, the Christ man, taught me. He said he would take me to England with him when he returned; but I do not think he ever will—he loves us too much—and even if he did I do not want to go with him. He says that in England the skies are often dark for weeks together, and the sun is never seen—and I love the sunlight."

"Sunflower, I owe my life to you. I can never thank you enough," and the lad's voice was tremulous. "Will you tell me if I can do something for you? I

have no gifts to offer, for I am poor, but I would willingly serve you if I could, for my heart is full of gratitude."

"You said just now you were happy," said Sunflower, "but I do not think you knew what you said."

"How?"

"There's sadness in your eyes. It might seem that you have a great sorrow. You are thinking of someone far away, eh?"

Cedric did not speak for some time. For the moment he forgot that he was sitting by the African's side. He was down on the Cornish coast again, listening to the music of the sea, listening, too, to the voice of Issy Granville, and looking into the depths of her eyes. For the nearness of the approach of death had not destroyed his love—that was to him a greater reality than ever. He knew it was hopeless, that she was not for him.

"What is life?" said Sunflower. "Man is born, he knows not why. He grows from weakness to strength, he fights, he loves his woman, he dies. Is that all? And yet all the time life is a great desire. How often does he get what he desires? Have you got what you desire, young white Lily Master?"

"Why do you call me that?" laughed the boy.

"You are fair to look upon," said Sunflower. "Your hair is like gold, that's why."

"No; I do not possess my desire. I never shall," said Cedric, with a sigh.

"And yet you know Christ!" And Sunflower looked at him wonderingly.

"Do I? I'm not sure that I do, as you understand it."

"And yet you were born in England, the country from which the missionaries come!"

"Of course I've heard about Him all my life," said Cedric, "but—but I'm afraid I do not know Him as you do."

"Now I understand your look of desire, of—wanting." And Sunflower spoke the last word as if it did not quite convey what he meant. "It is possible to know Christ and yet not know Him," he said.

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"With me He is a great Light and a great Life here." And he placed his hand upon his heart. "Mr. Crayfield told me that God gave me life that I might know Christ's love, and to tell of that love to others. Young Lily Master, I am old enough to be your father, and although I am in many things ignorant, I am wiser than you, for I've learnt the great secret. Shall I tell you about it?"

"You are very wise," said Cedric, "and you have done great things for me. You have brought me back from death. Will you tell me more about that Water of Life?"

The one-time savage looked at him curiously, and Cedric did not understand the expression in his eyes. "Young Lily Master," he said, "why it is I do not know, except that you look like Mr. Crayfield did years ago, when I first saw him. Then he was young, and had a fair, smooth face like yours, and his hair was tinged with gold, even as yours is. Perhaps that is why I love you very much. I will tell you about the Water of Life."

But, to Cedric's surprise, he said nothing about his journey, or the wonderful medicine he had secured whereby he had been brought back from the gates of death. Instead, he told him of the words Mr. Crayfield had spoken to him long years before, of the vision he had seen, and how, in a wonderful way which he could not describe, new hopes, new desires, new impulses, new life had come into his heart.

"What is this life after all?" said Sunflower. "It is but the voice of the wandering wind. The sun rises and the sun sets; the moon waxes and the moon wanes; a few years, and we are proud of our strength; a few years more, and our limbs grow stiff, our eyesight becomes dim, and then our bodies are thrown into the pit; but afterwards—that is life!"

I am not going to describe how the great change came into Cedric's life, for when we come to tell of the deepest experiences words fail us, and words mock me now as I try to tell of the experiences through which Cedric passed. When Sunflower had left him that day he went to his little bedroom in the mission house. There he thought long, and presently he fell on his knees. Like other English boys, he had been taught to pray. During his years at Rugchester he had attended chapel regularly with the other boys. Sometimes he

had been moved by the singing there, but he had always been glad when chapel was over. Prayers he had more than once described as "a bit of a bore." They meant nothing to him. They had to be gone through as a kind of formula, almost as a penance. During the years he had passed in Canada, while he would have been angry if anyone had told him he was not a Christian, he never prayed. Life seemed too full of the things that were seen. He was eager to make his farm pay, eager to make his way in the world; but now, as he knelt in the little mission house there in Africa, many hundreds of miles away from civilisation, things became new to him. He had passed through strange experiences. He had been near the gates of death. He had almost heard the surging of the dark waters of the River of Death. Perhaps these things had made him susceptible to the wondrous story which an African negro had told him. Certain it is that prayer had a new meaning to him, that things unseen became wonderfully real.

I am not going to try to describe what he felt, the revelations that were made to him, the new life upon which he entered. But this I know—when Cedric rose from his knees he had passed in a very real sense from death into life. He felt that some new divine element, some new quality possessed him. What it was he did not know, did not try to think, in fact; but it was there. Christ was not some theological dogma, Christianity was not belonging to the Church, it was some divine essence. It made everything new, and the messenger of the Truth which had so changed him was an African negro, a man whom a few months before he would have regarded as a creature inferior to himself.

"It's real! It's real!" he said again and again, as he rose from his knees. "It's not a fable. It's not a hearsay. I believe! I know!"

A week later he was still at the mission house. His strength had come back, and never in his life had he known more vigorous health than now. It seemed as though his system had been purified, as though his blood were richer, his body more instinct with life.

"I cannot understand our not hearing from Wingrave," he said to Mr. Taylor one evening.

"Oh, I can understand it right enough,"

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"No: I do not possess my desire. I never shall," said Cedric, with a sigh"—p. 373.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

was the missionary's reply. "You see, Kamyu is a long distance away, and if he has gone to his brother he will have found it impossible to send news to us."

"He may be in danger," said Cedric.

"Possibly," replied the missionary. "In fact, it's almost certain he is."

"I am strong and well now. I think I would like to push on and overtake him. My word! won't it be a surprise to them all when they see me? I can fancy the look in old Roger's eyes. I shall be to them as one risen from the dead!"

"As you are, to all intents and purposes," replied the missionary, "in more senses than one."

"Yes," replied Cedric thoughtfully, "in more senses than one."

"You have been divinely led, my lad."

"Yes, divinely led. One can't talk about it much, can one? It is something to experience, to live."

"Yes, and to tell to others," was Mr. Taylor's reply. "But concerning your trying to seek out your friends—you'd better stay a few weeks longer. You may think your strength has come back, but it hasn't."

"I would gladly stay," replied Cedric, "for the life here is wonderful, and your work here is a revelation to me. But, you see, I—I want to be with Roger."

"Yes, I can understand that; but you

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know what Africa is, and without definite information you might search for him for years and never find him. Stay a month, anyhow."

"Why does Sunflower continue to remain here?" continued Cedric presently.

"He's taken a remarkable fancy to you," laughed the missionary. "He follows you like a dog. He loves you as though you were his own child. It's almost pathetic to watch his eyes as he looks at you."

"White Lily Master," said Sunflower the next day, "you've asked me to tell you more about the Water of Life, and I have not told you. It has been a secret to the chiefs of my people, but it is truly wonderful."

"Yes," replied Cedric eagerly. "Will you take me to the place and show it to me?"

"That is why I have waited," replied Sunflower. "The Dust of Life saved your life, didn't it? And it comes from the Water of Life. It is in the direction of the Kamyu country, yet not entirely. Listen, young Lily Master. You say you are poor and friendless. Would you become rich and great? Because," he went on, "it is wonderful; and did the white man know of it, and its qualities, he would come for it, and he would barter it. Don't you understand?"

"Is there much of it, then?"

"Much of it!" And the African waved his hand. "Sometimes there is much; at certain seasons you can gather it—all you want; then the sun comes out, and it is dried up, or the floods come, and it is swept away. But at this time of the year it is there in abundance. I can make you rich. I can take you to the place. But we must go alone. It has been a secret to my father and to my father's father for many years, but the tribes know nothing of it. It will take much courage, too, for the way is difficult and long, and the dangers are many. But you are strong now, and have a brave heart."

"When can we start?" asked Cedric eagerly. He was but a boy still, and the man's story had fired his imagination.

"I have been long away from my people," replied Sunflower. "To-morrow I will return, and then, if all is well there, I will come back to you. Perhaps, too, I may be able to tell you about your friends. But say nothing to the Bana missionary here. What is told to the few is soon told

to the world, and then your fortune will be gone."

The next day Sunflower left them, and Cedric, his mind and heart full of his new experiences, remained at the mission station.

"Did you ever before hear of this Dust of Life which you say cured me?" asked Cedric of Mr. Taylor.

"No," was the reply. "It is all strange to me. But there cannot be the slightest doubt about it. What Sunflower brought possessed some wondrous qualities. It began to work a change in you almost immediately after you had taken it, and, as I have told you repeatedly, twenty-four hours after your first draught you were just a new creature. Life had taken the place of death!"

"I suppose Sunflower never told you where he obtained it?"

"No. I've asked him repeatedly, but he would tell me nothing. You see, these people are full of superstitions, full of weird fancies, and although I have been among them for a good many years now I cannot fully understand their life. I wish it could be known. Those salts must possess some qualities as yet unrealised by the medical world, and they ought to be known. Oh, Africa is a wonderful continent—it contains everything! I sometimes think the riches of the world are stored up here. Think of how the world has flocked to it these last few years. But there! I mustn't begin talking about that. If I do I shall bore you. My wife says I am Africa mad. Did I tell you that I have to return to England soon?"

"No," said Cedric. "Have you?"

"Yes. I have received a request from my committee to return home with my wife. It is thought that I shall be able to do good by returning, and our society is more and more insisting that we shall only remain so many years here on a stretch, and I have exceeded the limit. Not that the work will stop. I have good native helpers now, who can manage very well for the time I shall be away."

"When do you expect to leave?" asked Cedric.

"Oh, in about a month, I expect."

"Then I shall start as soon as possible to find my friends," said Cedric presently. "Sunflower told me before he left that he would return again and take me on to the Kamyu country."

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A week later Cedric bade "Good-bye" to the missionary. It was with strange feelings that he did so, for his experiences during the time he had spent at the little mission station had been wonderful.

"No, I shall never forget you," he said, as he shook hands with Mr. Taylor, "nor you either, Mrs. Taylor. You have been kindness itself to me. Perhaps some time I shall be able to repay it. Who knows, we may meet in England?"

"Of course we shall," replied the lady. "We shall be there a whole year, and you will return long before then. And we feel perfectly comfortable about you. We are leaving you in the hands of Sunflower, and I believe he's ready to die for you! Still, I do not quite understand why he insists on your going away together, without anyone else being allowed to accompany you. I confess that puzzles me."

"Oh, I trust in Sunflower," laughed the lad.

For the first two days of the journey Sunflower was very quiet. Hour after hour they toiled on, scarcely ever speaking a word, but Cedric noticed that the African was constantly looking at him as if anxious to know whether his strength was sufficient for the journey. They were travelling in a north-easterly direction, away into the mountainous country; and Cedric could not help noticing that his companion was always more silent when they descended into the deep valleys, where the sunshine scarcely reached them, and where the foliage was most dense. He noticed, too, that Sunflower almost avoided the villages, and that he seemed anxious to be unnoticed.

"The people here are not friendly to my people," he said more than once. "And they know me. Years ago I killed many of them, and perhaps they want revenge."

"And you do not wish to fight?" said Cedric.

Sunflower drew himself up proudly. "I love a fight," he said. "And this love makes it hard to be a Christian. When I smell blood, then I almost forget Christ. It is in my veins."

But there was little danger of meeting people away in the mountains, as they mostly made their head-quarters in the lower lands. He found, too, that Sunflower had not thrown off all the superstitions of his people. Many of the mountains he believed to be haunted by evil spirits, and he

called these mountains by the names given to these evil spirits.

"I know Mr. Crayfield says I am foolish," he explained more than once, "but he does not know my people altogether. The dead do not die; they come back again, and many of them haunt these mountains; and those who have eyes can see them."

At the end of three days' journey, however, Cedric saw that he was leading him towards a village of considerable proportions, and, on Cedric asking him why, he replied that this village belonged to a tribe who were friendly with his people.

"There is a wise woman I want to see, too," he informed him. "She was old when I was born, and she knows the deep mysteries of life. Things hidden from the young are plain to her eyes, even while she cannot see many things that I see."

They were descending a mountain towards a broad valley, through which a river ran, and where the foliage was luxuriant.

"Will they not think it strange to see me here with you?" asked Cedric.

"They will think nothing strange that I do," was Sunflower's proud reply. "I make no boast, but I am Mukama, and although I fight no more they fear me. If I would I could bring ten thousand warriors, and then what is this village? It is but smoke."

And there was a look in Sunflower's eyes which showed Cedric that the pride of race was not gone.

The sun was now setting amidst a glow of golden glory. The peaks of the mountains burned red in the light of the setting sun, while the primeval forest was lit up with gorgeous colours, each fading into the other like the colours of a rainbow.

As they neared the village Cedric saw a number of swarthy savages creeping amongst the trees, watching them, and presently one shook his spear, as if angry.

"Did you see that, Sunflower?" asked Cedric.

"Yes, I saw it," was the reply. "But the time to speak is not yet. These are boys, sent out to watch, and it would seem that there is war among the tribes. But they will not strike until they know who I am, and when they know—" Again Sunflower's eyes flashed. As they drew nearer the village a dozen young warriors leapt out from among the bushes and began to talk wildly, shaking their spears

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in a savage manner. Sunflower spoke only a few words, whereupon one, who was evidently a leader, came to him and embraced him, uttering many words of welcome. Then, with a cry, he rushed away, followed by the whole band.

"They know Sunflower," said the African, "and they go to tell their chief. He also is a Mukama, as I am, but not as great as I."

By the time they reached the village the air was rent with wild cries, and it would seem as though the whole population turned out to meet them, headed by a man of enormous proportions, who had evidently attired himself in all the finery he could obtain in order to do honour to their guest.

Presently they were led to the chief's hut, where a meal was provided for them, and Cedric listened to an excited conversation between Sunflower and the chief. Although Cedric had learnt a few words of the dialect of the district, he could understand but little of what was said, but it was explained to him afterwards that there was going to be a war between the tribe which lived in this village and the neighbouring tribe, and they were anxious to obtain Sunflower's help.

"I would love to shake a spear again before I die, love to lead my people on to battle. That is in my heart, but there is something else there, too. To shed the blood of my brother man is wrong, the missionary says so, and he has taught me about Christ."

"Then what have you told him?" asked Cedric.

"That I am on a mission of peace, that I have given my word to lead you in safety through the dark places. It is well that this is true, for the love of battle is strong upon me, and this tribe is in the right and the other in the wrong. Why should they come and take away the flocks and herds and maidens? But fear not, young Lily Master, I will lead you even as I have promised."

Before Cedric went to sleep that night a strange experience came to him. He heard a wailing sound outside the house of the chief, followed by many incoherent cries.

"It is even as I thought," said Sunflower. "For this reason have I come out of my way to enter this village."

"What is it?" asked Cedric.

"She told them of our coming," replied Sunflower. "That is why they came out to watch. She said that a White-face from the land of cloudy skies had come here, and many other things which I will not tell you. Now she wants to see you, to look into your eyes. It is the wise woman of whom I spoke."

A minute later a toothless old woman, with parchment-like skin and filmy eyes, entered the hut.

"Three moons ago I saw him in my dream," she croaked, "and I wondered why."

Cedric looked at her curiously. She was bent almost double and seemed little more than a skeleton. The nails of her fingers were almost like claws, and she munched her toothless gums as she looked into the lad's face. For some time she and Sunflower talked earnestly, while the chief, who had not left the hut, listened with a smile of amusement on his face, and yet it would appear that he was much interested, and he paid much deference to the old dame.

"He is very fair to look upon," she said in her own dialect, "and I think his heart is white. Sunflower, what is the mission on which you are leading him?"

"I would know if it will end in light or darkness, morning or night?" replied Sunflower, who, it appeared to Cedric, had forgotten Mr. Crayfield's influence and was almost a savage again.

"You have a secret in your heart," she croaked. "And you will tell it to this White-face. Well, keep your secret; you are a Mukama, and it is not for me to try and learn."

"But I would know whether the voice of the deep, dark valley is against me or for me?"

"Yes, yes," she crooned. "In times when the way is plain and the sky is clear you forget me, but when you would peer into the mysteries, then you would know all that Starlight has to say. But I have brought it—I have brought it!"

She uttered a cry, and two youths entered the tent bearing an iron pot.

"Fire and water!" said Starlight, and a hideous grin overspread her face.

Cedric could not help the feeling of loathing which came into his heart, and the old woman noticed the look on his face.

"Tell him," said the dame to Sunflower—

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"tell the White-face that I who am old and withered now was once as beautiful as the maiden he enshrines in his heart, that I was not called Starlight for nothing, for once I was as light in a dark sky."

Some water was placed in the iron pot, and then, by a curious contrivance, it was hung over the fire which had been lit. It reminded Cedric of a visit he had made to a so-called witch in Cornwall, who had pretended to read his fortune in the seething waters of a crock which boiled in a kitchen far away in the moors of the west. Starlight took some dried leaves from a receptacle which she had brought, and peered into the iron pot, then she muttered some charms, as Cedric had seen the Cornish witch mutter hers.

"It might seem," said the lad to himself, "as though all the superstitions of the world were akin. This is nearly the same kind of formula as that constantly practised in England hundreds of years ago."

The old woman bent her head close to the iron pot and began to peer into the water, which by this time was boiling, muttering as she did so.

"Tell me what she says," he said to Sunflower.

"She says that no harm will come to me or to you because of our mission," replied Sunflower presently. "And yet you will be doomed to great disappointment. Listen!"

For a few seconds the old hag was silent,



"'Three moons ago I saw him in my dream,' she croaked."

Drawn by
Harold Gossage.

and then she began to wail, plaintively, and even to Cedric's ears he detected a kind of chant which Sunflower translated to him as she went on:

"The way is long, and all unknown,
But the Dust of Life is there.
There is death in the midst of life,
Bitter in the midst of sweet.
Night is brooding over day;
He hath the secret, yet he hath it not;
Life is his, yet life is not;
Friends are his, yet friends are not;
He goeth down into the Valley of the Deep;
His heart bursts with pain, because he
will know the deep secrets.
Yet must he go into the dark places,
for Fate hath willed it,
And the morning sky is golden."

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The old hag ceased, and then seemed to fall into a kind of trance.

"That's all," said Sunflower. "She will speak no more, but it is well—we go."

Long after the old woman had left them, and he lay in the chief's hut, the old woman's chant rang in Cedric's ears. It appealed to his imagination in a way he could not understand. It seemed as though her eyes had pierced the mysteries and had seen what was unseen by others, and even when at length he fell asleep it was to dream of the bent old dame who looked into the seething waters of the pot, uttering her foolish gibberish.

When morning came, however, the experiences of the previous night seemed but a dream. In the brilliant light of day it seemed impossible to attach any importance to what appeared so real at night. The chief pressed Sunflower to stay with them, and promised a great feast if he would do so; but Sunflower resisted all the chief's blandishments, and by midday they were on their journey again, walking, as it appeared to Cedric, through trackless forests, but which Sunflower seemed to know as if by instinct.

On the morning of the fifth day after leaving Mr. Taylor's mission station they entered a deep gorge, at the bottom of which was a purling stream; this Sunflower followed very carefully. Before them a great mountain lifted its peaks into the sky.

"Are you brave, Lily Master?" asked Sunflower. "Does your heart beat high within you, or does it lie heavy and cold?"

"Light and warm," replied Cedric. "I'm tremendously excited."

"We are nearing the end of our journey," said Sunflower. "But before we do so there is much darkness through which we must pass."

"Do we climb that mountain?" asked Cedric. "It seems impossible to do so."

But Sunflower did not reply; the way here was plain, and he sped on rapidly, still following the course of the stream.

A little later they came to the foot of the mountain, where the African looked around him carefully, as though he feared being watched. He lay flat on the ground with his ear pressed to the earth, then he rose.

"It is well, Lily Master," he said; "we have come."

He plunged into a deep thicket, beckon-

ing Cedric to follow him, and a few minutes later Cedric saw that the course of the stream had led to an opening in the very heart of the mountain. Sunflower took two candles which he had brought from the mission station, lit them, and then beckoned again to Cedric to follow.

"When I came here with my father," he whispered—"my father who has gone to God—I was afraid. But I fear no longer. It is but a little while ago that I passed through here. This is the way which leads to the Water of Life."

Cedric longed to ask questions, but a kind of spell seemed to rest upon him. The way through the heart of the mountain filled him with awe. All around him he saw stalactites which glistened in the dim light of the candles. At their feet purred the stream.

"When the floods come," said Sunflower, "no man passes through here, but now it is safe."

For more than an hour they walked along the tunnel through the mountain, and Cedric thought that the stream grew larger as they walked. By and by he saw a streak of light in the distance.

"It is the end," whispered Sunflower. "Soon we shall see the Water of Life and the Dust of Life."

A little later they had passed through the mountain, and had reached an open space. But Cedric did not speak; he was awed by the sight which met his gaze, and which he knew he should never forget if he lived to an age ten times the length allotted to man.

CHAPTER XII

THE WATER OF LIFE

THIS was what Cedric saw: "An open space perhaps a mile in diameter, around which rose great mountain peaks, glistening in the sunlight. This space was verdureless except towards the outer fringe, where the foliage grew in tropical profusion. In the centre was what appeared to him at first a pillar of fire tinged with

* The reader must not think that the author is altogether drawing upon his imagination for this description. While he was engaged in writing this story, a scene, as nearly as possible according with that which is given here, was described to him as actually existing. It is more than possible that in the near future this place will be made known to the world, together with its wondrous possibilities.

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gold, a colossal yet almost intangible obelisk decked with gems.

"Do you see?" said Sunflower. "The Water of Life!"

"Water!" cried Cedric. "It is fire—yet it cannot be! How can water rise a hundred feet into the heaven and remain there?"

Sunflower laughed. "Come nearer," he said, "come nearer!"

Like one in a dream Cedric walked by Sunflower's side towards the strange phenomenon, and presently the base of the pillar could be plainly seen. It seemed like a sheet of glass, and it shone with gaily coloured hues.

"Look—look!" cried Sunflower. "Look through the pillar, and you can see the mountains on the other side."

It was even as he said. Whatever it was that rose from the centre of the space toward the sky it was in part transparent. The mountains were dimly visible through what he called "the pillar of fire."

Cedric became strangely light-hearted. It seemed to him as though he were walking on air. He felt as though he had the strength of ten, and as though he had wings like a bird. His feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground. It might be as though he had partaken of some fabled elixir of life, as though the air which he breathed were full of some magic quality which made death impossible.

As they drew still nearer he saw what appeared like a kind of spray falling from the pillar, and this spray, in minute particles, caught the rays of the sun, by which they shone with unnumbered colours, from the brightest crimson to the palest green.

They were now less than half a mile away, and Cedric, awed by what he saw, seized his companion by the arm and stood still. The day was windless, and no sound reached their ears save of what might be the gentle dropping of distant rain.

"What is it—what is it?" cried Cedric, and his voice was hoarse with excitement.

"The Water of Life! The Dust of Life!" replied Sunflower. "Is it not as I told you? It is there—the life of men. Your sickness was unto death, and your friends left you dying; yet because you partook of the Dust of Life you lived. It conquered death, drove it out of your being, and life was triumphant. Am I not right?"

"But I don't understand!" gasped Cedric. "It is simply awful in its grandeur. Let us go closer—closer!"

Again they walked on, everything becoming plainer to them as they went.

"The glass is water—it must be water!" cried Cedric. "It is a lake in the middle of the plain, and in the centre there is this pillar. But the pillar is not water!"

He spoke almost incoherently, he was so excited by what he saw; and yet his description was nearly correct. What looked like a lake of white fire lay in a slight hollow in the midst of the plain, and from its centre, reminding one of an artesian well, rose a great obelisk of vapour, a hundred times larger than the tower of a cathedral. By some process of Nature this vapour crystallised, and the crystals, as they fell, caught the light of the sun.

"How the air is scented!" cried Cedric. "It might seem as though we were breathing the nectar of the gods!"

"It is life—life!" said Sunflower. "You were weary with your long journey through the mountains, but all weariness has gone; is it not so?"

"I feel as though I could never be tired again," was Cedric's reply.

Not long after, they stood on the edge of the lake, and as they stood a shower of minute particles like fine salt fell around them. They saw, too, that the ground was covered. Indeed, a carpet of the crystallised vapour, inches thick, lay at their feet. But it scarcely made any noise as it fell, while the huge column was motionless.

"Sometimes the wind blows, and then—Pouf! it is anywhere, everywhere!" said Sunflower. "Then, again, the great floods come, and it is not. It is all swept away. But now it is here, all around us, the Dust of Life, enough to give life to the world!"

Usually Sunflower was calm and measured in his speech, but now his eyes shone like coals of fire. He gesticulated wildly, and his voice was vibrant with emotion. As for Cedric, he could scarcely contain himself. It seemed as though there were some strange power in the air he was breathing. He had never felt so light-hearted before. The impossible seemed to be made possible, and he had difficulty in restraining himself from leaping and shouting.

"Here, Lily Master, is the secret of life," said the African. "Here, if white men knew, they would come in crowds, in

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millions! They would take it away; they would barter it. They would become rich. But it is yours, master—it is yours. I have told you the secret."

Cedric scraped up a handful and examined it more closely. It might be some fine table salt, save for the pungent aroma which it exhaled. He saw, too, that it gleamed with particles of yellow, as though specks of gold were mingled with the salts.

"And now I have told you where the Water of Life is, and the Dust of Life is," said Sunflower. "You know the way, too. I pointed it out to you as we came. You know the secret tunnel—it is safe and easy save when the floods are there."

"Is there any other way of getting here?" asked Cedric.

The African waved his hand around him. "On every side are mountains," he said, "and the mountains are capped with snow. Who would climb over them?"

"But surely there must be some way to this place except the way we came?"

"It may be," replied the other, "but no man knows of it. Up on the heights it is cold—death-cold!"

Cedric unstrapped his knapsack and took some bags which he had prepared. These he filled with the salts which lay in quantities all around him. "It would seem as though the supply is limitless," he said. "One would have nothing to do but to come and take it and to carry it away."

He was still under the influence of great excitement. All doubt as to the value of what he saw had gone. Had he not been cured by it himself? Was he not, in some strange fashion, wildly exhilarated now? And was not this what the world needed—more life, abundant life?

By means of the compass he had taken, he had noted throughout the whole journey the direction they had come, and had made a record of it. He knew that he could find it again. The mountain into which they had come, too, was well known at the village where they had stopped. It was called the "Mountain of the Gods." Yes, he felt sure he could find it again.

"And now we will return," said Sunflower, "and we will go to Kamyu, my own country, and there we will make inquiries about your friends."

Cedric, who had placed in his knapsack as large a quantity of the salts as he could carry, prepared to accompany him. As he

did so a sigh escaped him. "It's a shame to leave such a wonderful place," he said. "No man ever breathed such air before."

"If you stayed here too long," said Sunflower, "you would die. Your body could not endure so much life. Look around you. Close to the lake all is death. The life has been too great. But you know the way here; the secret is yours."

A little later they were back in the tunnel again, and, having passed through the mountain, they made their way towards the Kamyu country.

"You feel strong, you feel well?" said Sunflower at the end of the day, after travelling many miles.

"Far less tired than when I started," replied Cedric. "It's just a miracle, nothing less than a miracle."

"It is as I told you. If white men knew the secret of this there would be riches, much riches, because every man will give all the world for life."

That night they spent in an African village in the direction of Kamyu, and when morning came his experiences of the previous day seemed to Cedric like a dream. There was nothing real about it. He could scarcely believe in what his own eyes had seen, what his senses had felt. How could such a strange thing have any actual reality? And yet as he looked at what Sunflower called "The Dust of Life" he knew it was no dream, and the pungent odour which came from it set him wondering with a great wonder.

Three days later they reached Kamyu, and eagerly Cedric made inquiries for his friends. But in this he was doomed to disappointment. No news had come from the rescue party, and the worst was feared. Wingrave had not been able to bribe the young warriors in the district beyond Kamyu, and he had gone on his expedition practically alone. To Cedric's disappointment, also, Mr. Crayfield, whom he had eagerly hoped to meet, had gone away into a distant region, and no one knew when he would return. Week after week he remained among the friendly Kamyus, but he waited in vain. No news came of his friends, and no one knew in which direction they had gone.

At length he was obliged to abandon all hope, and then, telling Sunflower of his longing to return to his native land, it was arranged that a party of Africans should accompany him to Avakubi, a large African



"Cedric scraped up a handful and examined it more closely."

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

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village, where he would be able to travel towards the great Congo River by means of a canoe manned by muscular savages. When at length he arrived at Besoko, he found himself in a comparatively civilised world. Here was the base of Stanley's memorable expedition to the relief of Emin Pasha; and here, too, was a large steam-boat waiting to take passengers down the river. As fortune would have it, Wingrave had insisted upon leaving a sum of money with Mr. Taylor, and this sum Mr. Taylor had insisted upon his taking. It was not large, but it was at least sufficient to take him to the mouth of the Congo.

"You will not forget me, Lily Master?" said Sunflower as they parted.

"No, never," replied the lad.

"And you will come again?" he said. "You will come and obtain great quantities of the Dust of Life, and then you will be rich."

Cedric had explained to him the means he proposed to adopt in order to test the value of the crystals.

"What's that?" said Sunflower scornfully. "What you call chemists, what you call test tubes, what you call chemical apparatus? I know not what they mean. It needs no test. You were at the gates of death, and it brought you back to life. You had the sickness on you, the sickness from which it is said men do not recover. At Kamyu, where I live, the sickness is not. We live far above the marshy vapours, and the air is clean and good. But you, who passed through Karooga, you breathed the poison and it was killing you, and I brought you life. That is the test! It is life abundant, young Lily Master, and still more life. I shall see you again. I feel it in my blood—in my heart. But I have given you a greater secret than that Dust of Life. You yourself have told me. I have taught you Christ, and He is life."

Many weeks later Cedric was at St. Paul de Loanda, a dreary-looking town with an unhealthy climate, in South Africa, close to the South Atlantic Ocean. He could scarcely realise it, but he had gone right across the great African continent. From Mombasa to San Antonio was a distance of thousands of miles, much of which was through untraversed land, through primeval forests, over rocky mountains, and amidst savage peoples. And yet all these unnumbered miles he had gone. He had been near the gates of death, and he had come

back to life. He had seen life in many forms. The continent which to him had been only a name on a map had now become a tremendous reality. As he lay alone in his room at the little hotel in Loanda he could scarcely visualise his experiences. Everything was too large, it seemed even to exceed his imagination, and language mocked him. Still, he was there. But a new difficulty arose. The following day a vessel would leave for England, but he had no money wherewith to pay his passage. If Sunflower were right he possessed wealth untold, and yet he was almost penniless. In one sense the situation was amusing, and he laughed as he thought of it. In another, however, it was grim and prosy enough. Still, he was young and he was strong. Loanda had many industries, and he felt sure he could find work whereby in a few weeks, at all events, he could earn enough to take him back to England. Meanwhile, he was greatly troubled about his friend, and he almost felt condemned for leaving Kamyu. He had stayed there months, waiting and hoping, until it seemed madness to wait any longer. And yet he could not help feeling that he had been disloyal.

"Of course, they may have returned," he reflected. "If Mr. Wingrave found his brother they would immediately have pushed their way to the coast and have returned to England by the first boat. Anything can happen in a country like this." And with that thought Cedric had to be content.

The next day he found his way to the largest chemist in the town, and to his delight met a man who seemed to be of more than ordinary intelligence. How he had drifted to Loanda he did not explain, but it soon came out that he had studied chemistry in the London University, and had gone far beyond the elementary principles of that science.

"I wonder whether you can tell me what qualities this possesses?" said Cedric, who had taken a small quantity of the Dust of Life to him.

"Of course, my chemical apparatus is very primitive," replied the chemist, who rejoiced in the undistinguished name of Smith. "But I can give you a rough idea in a few hours."

That same evening, when Cedric returned to Mr. Smith's place of abode, he found him in a state of great excitement.

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"Where did you get this stuff?" he asked eagerly.

"I have been away up in the heart of the continent," replied Cedric, "and came upon it almost by accident. Why do you ask?"

"You must have had some reason for bringing it to me," replied the chemist. "Do you know anything about chemistry yourself, by the way?"

"I have a schoolboy knowledge," was Cedric's reply, "and it was a subject of which I was particularly fond. Still, naturally, I know little more than the A B C of the business."

"You have never tested this stuff in any way?"

"As you understand it, no. How could I?"

"Then what led you to bring it to me? It has the appearance of ordinary salt."

Cedric hesitated a second and looked steadily at Mr. Smith's face. There could be no doubt about it, the man was greatly excited.

"I am almost afraid to tell you what I believe the stuff possesses," Smith continued presently. "Of course, the ordinary chemist would see nothing in it; but it so happens that years ago, before I was obliged to come to this hole, I was the assistant of —," and he mentioned a name well known to everyone in the scientific world. "As you know, my master stood at the top of his profession, and the world is indebted to him for many discoveries. If I hadn't been a fool and — But I needn't talk about that. It was through my association with him that I got outside the beaten track of chemical investigation. All the same, I am afraid to tell you what I believe this stuff contains."

"Why?" asked Cedric. He called to mind his own experiences. He remembered what that which Sunflower had called "The Dust of Life" had done for him, and his wild exhilaration as he stood near the lake and gathered these same crystals. Should he tell?

"I will tell you this much," Cedric went on. "I had what is called the 'sleeping sickness.' I had been travelling for some time through marshy land, where I suppose the vapours were full of poison; I was also bitten by the flies; that, I suppose, was how I got it. Anyhow, I was given up for dead. An African who saw me gave me some stuff which cured me. By means

which I needn't detail, I obtained some of it——"

"And this is it?" interrupted Mr. Smith.

"That is it."

Again the chemist hesitated. "As I told you," he went on, after some seconds, "the apparatus which I possess here is very primitive and inefficient, otherwise I could speak with more certainty. By the way, is it to be obtained in any large quantity?"

"In a sense it is inexhaustible."

"Then, my dear fellow, you go back to England as fast as you can. Go to the best chemist in London, and ask him to give you an authoritative report."

"You believe it is valuable, then?" And Cedric's voice vibrated with excitement.

"Valuable! If I'm right, you've discovered the richest thing in the world. It contains radium, man, radium; a milligram of which is, as you know, worth hundreds of pounds. Of course, you know of the talk there has been about it. You know, too, how thousands of pounds have been given for minute quantities of it. It's more precious than the most precious stones. It has healing qualities beyond the power of words to describe. It is the quintessence of life. It destroys disease. It gives health. It makes the impossible possible. Valuable! Here, this is my report. Mind, as I said, I can't altogether vouch for it, because I haven't the necessary apparatus to test its value. Oh, don't I wish I were back in Lord L——'s laboratory! If I'm right, you're the richest man in the world, and you'll have the world at your feet. More than that, you'll be the greatest benefactor the human race has known for centuries. Think of it, man! Think of it!"

Mr. Smith was evidently an enthusiast, and he was carried away by the stress of emotion. Whatever his past had been—and Cedric judged, by the hints he had dropped, that he had been guilty of some deed which drove him out of the country—he was an enthusiastic scientist. He loved his profession, and rejoiced in discovering the secrets of Nature, as much as any explorer rejoiced on entering a new region.

For some time Cedric was silent. He also was nearly stunned by what Mr. Smith had said. He knew enough of chemistry to understand what was written on the paper which had been given to him, and he read it again and again with fast-beating heart.

"There seems no doubt about this."

"I don't say that," replied the other.

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"Many things I have tested have promised wonderful results, and have ended in nothing, but this—well, do as I have told you."

"I cannot go to England at once," replied Cedric. "I haven't a five-pound note in the world, and I was going to ask you to help me to find work so that I might earn enough money to pay my passage home."

Mr. Smith looked at the floor like one ashamed. "And I cannot help you," he said. "I've no credit here. The owner of this place is away, that is why I'm taking charge for the day, but, but— No, I haven't ten shillings in the world. It is my own fault; I have no one but myself to blame, but there it is. As for my credit— But haven't you got any friends in England?"

"Yes," replied Cedric. "I have friends, but none who could do just what I want at this moment."

"Let me think," said Mr. Smith excitedly. "I can do nothing to-night, but, but— Come to me in the morning, and then we'll talk about it again. But, as sure as I'm a living man, the stuff you have brought me gives every sign of being the most precious commodity in the world, and your story bears it out. It cured you, you say; it brought you back from death. Anyhow, let me have the night to think about it, and come to me in the morning."

Cedric returned to the little hotel, his mind and heart all ablaze with excitement. If this were true?—a thousand wild fancies flashed through his brain.

He went into the little smoke-room of the hotel and began turning over the newspapers which lay on the table. Most of them were several weeks old, and seemed to contain but little of interest, but presently he picked up one of comparatively recent date, the *South African Times*, and commenced to read.

A few minutes later he rose from his chair almost with a shout. "Thank God!" he cried again and again.

The news which had excited him was something which he had not dared to hope for. It told him that John Wingrave had discovered his brother, and that, together with Mr. George Graves and Mr. Roger Hereford, they had returned to England. A short article was devoted to the expedi-

tion which John Wingrave had organised, and it related some of the experiences through which their party had passed in their search. It also stated that the one thing which had detracted from Mr. Wingrave's joy was the fact that one of his companions, Mr. Cedric Essex, had died of the sleeping sickness, contracted during their journey. "This seems to be the fate," concluded the article, whose writer seemed to be in a pessimistic mood, "of everything done in Africa. There seems to be no gain without almost as great a loss. Mr. Wingrave rescued his brother from a perilous position, and in that we rejoice, but a young man of splendid promise, who apparently had a long and useful life before him, became a victim to one of the most dreadful diseases of the country. It has been said again and again that a cure has been found for sleeping sickness. Concerning this we will not argue; certain it is that, in spite of their utmost efforts, they were unable to save the life of young Mr. Cedric Essex, who now lies dead beneath African soil."

Cedric laughed as he read. In one sense it almost made him shudder to read what was practically an obituary of himself, but he felt so full of life and vigour that the gloom of the article lost its terrors, and again and again he almost shouted for joy. "And it was the Water of Life," he repeated to himself; "the Water of Life and the Dust of Life that did it. And Smith says it contains radium, radium!"

The article seemed to confirm the chemist's report.

"Why, they must be back home before now," he said to himself as he looked at the date of the paper. "They'll be in England by this time. Poor old aunt, how she'll have grieved for me, thinking I'm dead—and Roger, too!"

And then he lapsed into silence. His mind began to work vigorously. "Roger will be at his home," he cried. "He'll be at Rugchester. He can do everything for me that I want. I can tell him about the Dust of Life, too, and he'll take it to the best chemist in England."

He seized a pen and began writing rapidly. "My way is plain," he cried as he finished his letters. "I have only to wait here a few weeks, and then—Hurrah for old England!"



Mavistoa
Sand-hills.

Photo:
H. W. Venton.

MOUNTAINS OF SAND

By HORACE W. VENTON

"**G**REATER in number than the sands of the sea." This phrase is one which we have heard again and again, yet in all probability we have failed to realise the full meaning of the words. The immensity of the great sand wastes is something we are quite unable to grasp. The vast stretches of sand that line our coasts; the mighty mounds that at different points of the shore form substantial bulwarks against the inroads of the sea; the millions of acres of barren spaces consisting of nothing but tiny granules of broken quartz and minute fragments of powdered shell, these are wonders that we accept with indifference because the sight of them is commonplace.

Yet if we would but allow our imagination to have free play we should, perhaps, come to feel how great must have been the ex-

penditure of power necessary thus to grind up the rocks of the earth and to pile them in heaps hundreds of feet high upon its surface. Besides the great deserts which are found in different parts of the globe and which consist almost wholly of sand, it is estimated that nine-tenths of the world's coast lines are fringed with this material. Our imagination fails us when we endeavour to conceive the period of time necessary to convert solid masses of rock into these sandy particles. The period, most certainly, must have been many millions of years, although we have no definite means of fixing the rate of the trituration of rocks with any degree of accuracy.

The purpose of this article, however, is not to deal with the actual production of the sand itself, but rather to say something about those curious formations which are

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Clubin
Sand-hills.

Photo :
H. W. Venton.

met with at most of our seaside resorts, and which serve as golf courses for lovers of that game and capital resorts for picnics for the festively inclined.

The sand-hills or "sand-dunes" of our coasts are known to all seaside visitors. The little basins where one may hide and read one's book, sheltered from the too boisterous winds and protected from the fierce rays of the summer's sun, afford no small part in the attractiveness of a holiday by the sea. They vary very much in their height and contour, as well as in the kind of vegetation with which they may or may not be fringed. Some of them are no more than an inch or so above the general level of the beach, whilst others attain a height of several hundred feet.

The highest known sand-hills are found in the Sahara Desert, that vast tract of North Africa which stretches from the Atlantic to the Nile and from the southern confines of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli to the vicinity of the Niger and Lake Tsad.

It was long thought that this enormous desert was the bed of an ancient inland sea, and that it consisted of a vast expanse of sand swept up here and there into ridges by the wind; but this idea has now been exploded, and it is believed that the Sahara Desert has been formed exclusively by the agency of the prevailing winds carrying the sand and depositing it at the spot, and that no sea ever covered the same area.

Whether this be so or not, there are sand-dunes upon the desert itself which have certainly been formed by the agency of the wind. In one place these dunes attain to a height of fully 8,000 feet. In the neighbourhood of Cape Blanco there is a long semicircular belt of sand-hills varying in width from 50 to 300 miles, and rising in height from between 300 to 1,000 feet, and south of Algeria the lofty plateau of Ahaggar rises up at one point into a veritable mountain 6,500 feet high.

Compared with these giant dunes the sand-hills of our own land seem insignificant, yet they are full of interest and in

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many respects are even more remarkable than some of the loftier ones found in other lands.

The method by which sand-dunes are formed is well worth studying. Everyone who has walked along a soft sandy beach will have noticed the long wisps of sand, commonly spoken of as "streamers," and it is obvious to the most unobservant that they have been formed by the action of the wind. Generally they appear as a long tail of sand behind a stone or some other obstacle, and always they lie exactly in the direction of the prevailing wind.

These "streamers" are embryonic sand-dunes, and but for the fact that they are subject to the action of the waves at high water, and of other disturbing influences, they would steadily rise until they became as high as any of the dunes that are actually so named.

I cannot better describe the mode of formation of a sand-dune than by quoting the words of Professor Geikie from his recently published book on "Mountains."

He says, "The sand arrested in front of an obstacle is gradually piled up against it as a gently inclined bank, which continues to increase in width as the sand sweeps round to right and left. Eventually the obstacle is over-topped, the sand dropping down and accumulating in the lee as a relatively steep, cliff-like bank. As the dune grows in height its wings continue to increase in width, and curve round so as to enclose a sheltered bay in the rear. Endless modifications of this crescent type are met with, some dunes being heart-shaped in the ground plan, whilst others have the shape of a horse-shoe or half-moon."

Most people are unaware that there are two different kinds of dune, namely grey and white. The grey dunes are clothed with vegetation, and thus appear darker than the white ones, which reflect the rays of the sun.

The reason for the two different types of dune is to be found in the strength and constancy of the wind, rather than in the character of the sand. As a rule, a stationary



Maviston
Sand-hills.

Photo 1
H. W. Venter.

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(grey) dune has had its origin in the little hillocks of sand formed around the tufts of grass growing upon the beach. When the winds are inconstant and of only a moderate force, other plants have time to take root, and, sand being gradually piled up against them, the dune continues to grow in height. It is prevented from shifting its position, moreover, by the fact that its whole substance is matted together by the network formed by the roots of grass and other plants.

In the case of the white or shifting dunes, the wind is so constant, and of such force, that no plants have a chance to take root, and as the pile of sand becomes higher and higher it proceeds to march forward, sometimes at an almost incredible rate, in the direction in which it is driven by the wind.

One of the most remarkable examples of the havoc wrought by shifting sand-dunes is to be seen on the coast of Elginshire, in Scotland. Here may now be seen the Chubin and Maviston sands, covering a tract of several thousand acres in extent. Many years ago little farms and hamlets occupied the sites where these dunes now lie, and it

is said that the disaster which overtook the peasantry and buried their farms beneath many thousands of tons of sand occurred in a single night.

There are other places in Great Britain where similar catastrophes have occurred, the most noteworthy being along the coast of Cornwall. In the duchy churches and even villages have been buried beneath the treacherous sand, and magnificent forests of fir and pine have been literally smothered to death by its agency. The striking photographs which accompany this article show in a remarkable manner the action of the sand. I am able to reproduce these photographs by kind permission of H.M. Geological Survey.

But the action of the sand is not always injurious. In many cases, notably at Southport, large tracts of land have been reclaimed from the sea owing to the formation of stationary sand-dunes, and it is an interesting fact that this popular seaside resort is built entirely upon a sand-dune, which was originally raised upon the low-lying marsh land by the action of the wind.



Maviston
Sand-hills.

Photo:
H. W. Keston



" 'Is it love, Alison—
not just liking?' "—p. 394.

Drawn by
John Cameron.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

A Story of the Old and the Young

By HELEN WALLACE

THERE was not an empty seat in Finnarty Free Kirk, for that summer Sabbath was "a high day" in its annals. Was not their new young minister to preach his first sermon, and was not the new organ, that breath-taking innovation, to be inaugurated on the great occasion? Either event would have amply supplied the town with talk for weeks, nay, months to come. Indeed, the good folk were dimly conscious of almost a surfeit of exciting sensations, as they gazed in awe, not unmixed with doubt, at the gilded organ-pipes towering up behind the pulpit in place of the old canopied "sounding-board," or else glanced in eager curiosity at the Manse pew, wherein

were installed a tall, erect, white-haired old man, and a grey-eyed, clear-faced girl.

"Will the lassie be his sister, ken ye?" "Na; she's but some far-awa' cousin that the old man has brocht up," were the whispers exchanged between the less well-informed and their neighbours proud of their superior knowledge.

At any other time "the lassie" and the vista of possibilities which her appearance opened up would no doubt have been the chief interest, but even that attractive outlet for speculation was overshadowed for the time by the presence of her companion. Old Dr. Ferrier's name was enhaloed by a reputation for abstruse, almost awful learn-

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ing, for the most rigid orthodoxy and for the strictest piety. He was a stern upholder of the old days and the old ways, and that he had come from Esson, that for his grandson's sake he had evidently waived his principles, and entered a kirk where the Almighty was praised by any other means than the unaided human voice—His own gift—was a triumph indeed for the party of progress in Finnarty.

In the choice of young Grant Ferrier to be their minister, the people had been unanimous enough. His very name was a guarantee of his "soundness," and doubtless he would justify his descent. But the organ—the darling ambition of the advanced party—that was a different matter! In those days its admission into the House of God was still a burning question.

Finnarty, hitherto a mere fishing town, had recently been "discovered." Its whistling breezes, pungent with the salt of the North Sea, were found to be bracing, and though King Golf had not yet entered into his world-wide kingdom, his subjects were fast increasing, and the great stretches of benty, thymy turf amid the sand-dunes made noble golf links.

The place was rapidly changing; "villas" were springing up all round the quaint old town, the wide sands were vocal with children at play, summer toilets appeared which were the amazement and envy of Finnarty womenkind. The "merchants," as shopkeepers are called in the North, bewildered by new demands, were fast modernising their dim old shops.

But the wave of Progress swept still higher. The elders and deacons of the kirk, devout, worthy men, but shrewd and hard-headed withal, began to perceive that it was not only secular matters which were behind the times. If congregations as well as customers were to increase, the kirk must adapt itself to new needs and new methods also. No one, of course, put the matter so baldly, even in the secrecy of his own thoughts, but change was in the air. As sensible men it behoved them to see that they were not left behind, and that "the cause of God"—which for them was really and truly represented by their four-square granite kirk—did not suffer through any slackness of theirs.

So when a successor was needed to old Mr. Struthers, the great question was

mooted. Why not take the plunge now? With a new minister let them inaugurate a new era and—have an organ!

There—it was out! Finnarty held its breath. The proposal was staggering to the older folk, and doubtless the clash of opinion would have been louder and have lasted longer, had not the news spread that the Auld Kirk had decided to have an organ! Were they to be behind "the Establishment"? Another wholly unavowed and perhaps hardly conscious motive, but it did its work nevertheless, and silenced scruples against which no argument had prevailed.

Now the great day had come at last. Expectation and excitement were keyed up to the last pitch, and whisperings and rustlings sank to sudden silence as over the close-packed throng a new voice floated out, sweet, and strong, and solemn. People looked at each other, half-awed, half-scared.

What was this? The pulpit was still empty, no psalm had been given out. This must be a "voluntary"—ill-omened word with its prelatical and papistical suggestions. Were they quite prepared to go so far? But that question must stand over, for Tammas Crerar, "the minister's man," was ascending the pulpit stair, the big Bible in his hands, and following him, robed in gown and bands, came their new minister.

The strong, vigorous features, the kindly, humorous eyes, the mouth which could smile so pleasantly or set so firmly, were already familiar to most of those present; but the face of which they caught a glimpse before Grant Ferrier bowed his head upon his hands, seemed to them almost the face of a stranger. It was pale enough, certainly, so most of them noted.

To the young man it was a supreme moment. All his life had been but a preparation for it, but now, at the sight of these ranged faces, eager, watchful, curious, a sense of his responsibility rushed in upon him like a flood. They were no longer his congregation to be duly instructed and edified. He was face to face with human souls, each one bearing its own share of the burden and the mystery of life, and who was he that he should stand between them and God? He forgot, too, for the moment, what had hitherto bulked largely enough, since he was very human, that he was about to preach his first sermon before the old grandfather, who was the only

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near relative he had, and, what counted even more, since youth is youth, before Alison Graham.

The pause was for a brief second only, but a flash of insight may illumine a whole life. The last echoes of the voluntary were still dying away when he raised his head. If his face were still pale, a new light seemed to be transforming it, his eyes shone steady as they gazed round the thronging faces. Then they rested with a sudden shock on a tall, erect figure, tightly buttoned into the old-fashioned long-skirted black coat, making its way from the Manse pew to the central aisle.

Beneath the pulpit Dr. Ferrier paused and looked up. The young eyes and the old ones met. Under the thinning white hair the lines of the aged face were set to stern reprobation, the pale eyes flamed condemnation. Then he slowly walked down the aisle, while every breath was held, and every eye followed the stately unbending figure, which seemed to gain in height from the tense strain of indignation. But the old hand must have trembled as it thrust open the swing door. It slipped from its grasp and closed behind him with a heavy muffled thud, which echoed thunderously through the dead hush which had fallen upon the thronged kirk.

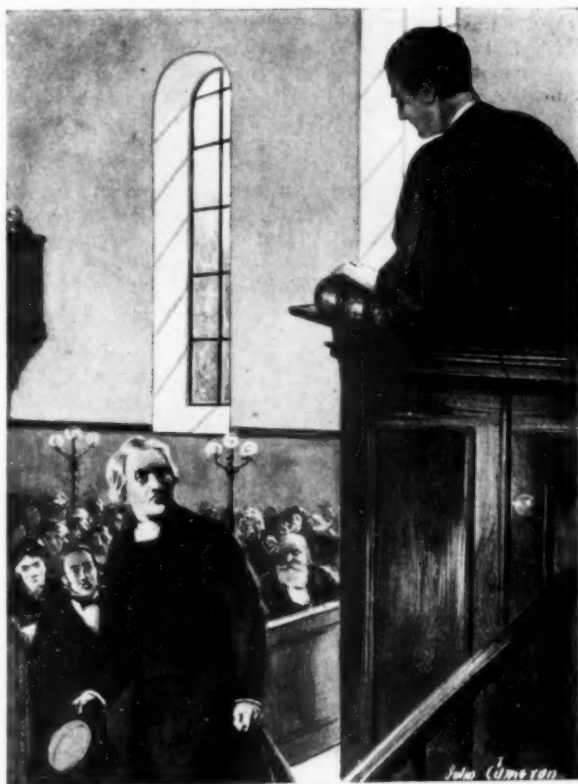
That dull clang of the closing door seemed the knell of separation between the old and the new, the symbol of the final parting of the ways between the past and the future. Youth had chosen its course, chosen to cut itself loose from age and experience. So be it, for good or for ill, the coming generation was now left to shape its own way.

"But he can't be in earnest, Alison! To tell me that I'm not to come here

again—not to speak to you—not even to see you! It's impossible—preposterous!" ejaculated Grant Ferrier, his voice sharp with wrath, and pain, and dismay.

"I'm afraid he's very much in earnest, and he doesn't easily change his mind," said Alison Graham slowly and gravely.

The long, magical summer gloaming of the north was bathing the level fields with tender light, and touching them almost to beauty. Down the long, straight road the squat tower of Esson Kirk broke the horizon line, and beside it stood the square, whitewashed Manse where old Dr. Ferrier had spent a long lifetime in the company of his books, unconscious of the changes in life and thought which the years were bringing. In that gaunt, white house young Grant Ferrier had spent all his earlier years.



"The young eyes and the old eyes met."

Drawn by
John Cameron.

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The only child of the old man's one son, who had been cut off before he could fulfil his early promise, all the old minister's earthly hopes had centred round the boy. With his sympathetic nature Grant had divined something of the tenderness which underlay the chill, frigid exterior, though he little realised the depth of the love and pride so sternly repressed, the heat and volume of the lava flood under the icy crust.

So wrapped up was Dr. Ferrier in his grandson that he had only a tepid affection to bestow on Alison Graham, the orphan daughter of a distant relative. Alison was quite aware that she owed her home chiefly to Dr. Ferrier's strict sense of duty, but she had learned that in order to give her that home and the education which the same sense of duty demanded, the old man had stinted himself in his one indulgence—books. Generous and large-natured as she was, she was able to admire the rectitude which had undertaken a task which no warmer motive had prompted. She repaid it by lavish service. She kept his house, saw that the voluminous white lawn neck-cloths he still wore were clear-starched to perfection, wrote his letters, dusted his books, copied and corrected his many polemical writings for the press, and for reward got an occasional absent-minded, "Thank you, my dear."

It would have been a chilling atmosphere for a young life to expand in, had it not been for Grant Ferrier's holiday visits from school and college. As boy and girl, as young man and maid, each had taken the other's presence for granted, as a necessary part of life, and now was it thinkable that last Sunday's scene should be allowed to set them asunder? To Grant, at least, it seemed impossible.

How he had got through the service he hardly knew, but that gleam of self-forgetting devotion which had visited him ere it had begun, had been fanned to flame by the old man's challenge, and he had preached a sermon which had electrified Finmarty and made even the doubters declare that "the laud" had been hardly used by the old doctor. Yet at the moment this was little comfort to Ferrier when he found, on reaching the Manse, that his grandfather had already shaken its dust off his feet, and with daybreak next morning he had departed for Esson, carrying Alison with him.

Thither Grant had followed him, only to find that arguments, protestations, and appeals were fruitless. The old man delivered his ultimatum. He had strained his principles and his conscience far enough in admitting that an organ, a mere man-made thing, *might* be allowed simply as an accompaniment to the human voice, but a voluntary—that thin end of the wedge to all practices subversive of true worship! There could be no communication between him and his grandson, until Grant had acknowledged his error, and had purged himself of all taint of such popish observance. Alison might make her choice, he would constrain no one's conscience, but he could only hope and pray that she would be true to her training. And so to Alison the young man had come, sorely hurt, and smarting under what appeared to him the utter unreason of such a breach.

"It's impossible—absolutely, utterly impossible!" he exclaimed again. Then he put his hand swiftly to his eyes as if instead of the mellow twilight around a sudden sunburst had dazzled him. And, indeed, he was dazzled, startled by the shock of awaking—by a flood of new light. Now he knew what Alison Graham was to him, this girl standing before him in the radiance of the afterglow, with her clear brow and her honest eyes and her fresh mouth.

"Alison, it can't be!" he cried. "We've been the best of friends, the best of comrades, and, like a blind fool, I thought that was all, thought it was enough; but I know better now. I love you, Alison, I love you. I've always loved you. I know it now, when the mere thought of being parted from you even for a little, for it can't be more than that, makes me feel that life would be empty, worthless, without you. Alison, tell me, tell me—do you—can you care for me a little—even a little as—as I care for you? Is it love, Alison—not just liking?"

He had her hands in his, his eyes were searching her face, while he stammered out his hot, eager words. For a moment the girl stood breathless. From her eyes, too, the veil had been rent away. Her own heart was revealed as she trembled to the call of this new voice, the mighty voice of life and love. But it was not the voice of a stranger speaking an unknown tongue. Response came swift. Over her face there

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spread a flush like the tender rose suffusing the sky.

"I think—with me, too, it must always have been love, but I—I know it now," she said in a low voice.

Through those rosy vapours the moon had risen broad and white before the pair came back to daily life again. They had been far enough away, each exploring the new and marvellous region of the other's heart in the light of their wonderful discovery.

"This alters everything now," said Grant triumphantly.

"I'm afraid it doesn't," replied Alison tremulously.

"But, darling, if it was absurd before it simply *can't* be now. You and I can't be parted now for such a trifle."

"It isn't a trifle to your grandfather."

"I've reason to know that now," said Grant ruefully. "Seriously, I would give almost anything if it hadn't happened. If I had known how he would feel about it, it shouldn't have happened. It cost him a great struggle, I know, to admit the organ *might* be used; perhaps I didn't realise how great, but since he had admitted it I thought it was all right, and left the arrangements to others. But a voluntary was evidently the last straw. I see now I oughtn't to have allowed it, or else have prepared him. It all seemed such a matter of course. But if I had thought it would so hurt the dear old man—— However," his voice taking a lighter tone, "after all, it's no moral question, no matter of right or wrong, and when he knows that our happiness is waiting——"

"I'm afraid it will have to wait a little, and yet it needn't wait, for we are happy in each other *now*, and even though we are not together——"

"Alison, what do you mean?" broke in Grant hotly.

"I mean," her eyes entreating her lover's face, "that it wouldn't be right for both of us to forsake him now."

"Oh—forsake!" exclaimed Grant rather impatiently. "But he left you free, Alison. You were to make your choice."

"And I have made it, haven't I?" a sudden radiance lighting her face. "But I cannot choose to leave him now. He has done everything for me—he is an old man——"

"Of course, I know how dreadfully he would miss you," admitted Grant.

"Oh, yes, he would miss me just as he would miss his porridge in the morning, something that's always there at the time expected. I don't pretend to be quite so indispensable"—a whimsical smile flickering in her eyes—"but oh, Grant," her voice suddenly deepening, "it's you! You know a little what you are to him, I can guess perhaps even a little more, but no one can tell how his life is bound up in you, and now that he has been wounded, as it seems to him, in the house of his friends, for us to make light of what is of such moment to him—to leave him—alone——"

In the brightening moonlight the eager voices went on and on, for a young, hot-hearted man with love and life at the full flood is not easily convinced that for the time his pleadings are unavailing. The moon rode high in the empty heavens when at last Alison Graham slowly took her way alone to the white house beside the old kirk tower, while Grant Ferrier, with bowed head, strode away down the long gleaming vista of the high road.



Esson Manse had always been a quiet house, though Alison by nature was blithe enough; but in these days a deeper hush seemed to have fallen upon the place. Dr. Ferrier looked whiter, frailer, thinner than ever. He never mentioned his grandson's name, and the frequent letters which came from the young man he laid aside without a word. To Alison's anxious eyes he seemed to age visibly as the days passed, but in spite of that he was busier than ever, and spared neither himself nor her. He laid aside all other work, and at once began a pamphlet on "The Public Worship of the Kirk of Scotland since the Reformation." In this he not only retracted his late concession to modern claims, but undertook to prove how unscriptural and how deadening to the purity of spiritual worship were all sensuous and outward aids, so-called, with special reference to that needless and pernicious excrescence, the voluntary. So he described his intentions to Alison, who, for the time, had not the heart to combat his views.

Then followed a great hunting-up of authorities and turning over of old MSS.

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Coming into the study one morning, Alison found her "uncle," as for convenience she called him, with a pile of papers before him.

"I seem to have mislaid a former statement I wrote on this subject, which might be useful to me now," he said. "It may be among these papers. They have not been gone over for a long time, and you will oblige me by doing it now." And as Alison, with a suppressed sigh, swept the dusty mass together he gave her minute instructions to arrange and docket them all, according to date and subject.

It was a dreary task enough. The letters covered a long space of time, but most of them dealt with forgotten controversies or with dry details of theological subtleties on which Dr. Ferrier was an acknowledged authority. Poring over the faded writing, Alison felt as if she were stirring the ashes of long extinguished fires, or hardly even that, for it seemed as if there could never have been life enough in such matters to kindle into anything so vivid as flame.

So far there was no reference to organs or voluntaries; those disturbers of the peace were evidently still too far in the future. Alison was working doggedly on, sifting and arranging, when she came upon a little packet of papers tied together and endorsed, "Ancient Use of the Paraphrases in Public Worship."

For the benefit of Southron readers it may be explained that "the Paraphrases" are a small collection of hymns, or rather of portions of Scripture turned into verse, which, with the metre version of the Psalms, are bound up at the end of every Scottish Bible. Though fully sanctioned apparently by such august company, they were once regarded by some of the straiter sect as too "human" in their origin to be suitable for true spiritual service. This view old Dr. Ferrier, then the young, newly-ordained minister of more than fifty years ago, had evidently been warmly controverting. The papers were copies, apparently, of letters and memorials addressed by him to Presbytery and Synod and General Assembly.

"While I yield to none in my belief that we have in the Psalter the inspired expressions of praise and penitence suited for all time, and while the metrical version, sanctioned and adopted by the Kirk, is hallowed to us all by sacred memories and long usage, I yet venture to submit that it

were surely a narrow view to take, and one which would deprive our people needlessly of much help and comfort to forbid the use of these verses, many of which have a direct bearing on gospel themes and point us forward to the glories of the Hereafter, such as, 'How bright these glorious spirits shine,' etc.," so the formal sentences ran, with many an amplification and argument.

Among the papers was one in another handwriting, a letter from some University friend evidently, teeming with allusions to college days and class-mates, and with comments on young John Ferrier's ordination, and winding up, "So you found the paraphrases cut clean out of the pulpit Bible! It was just what might have been expected from your predecessor, good man. I am glad to know you had the courage to give out, 'Father of Peace and God of Love,' and that the folk sang it heartily. Of course, they would, and only a narrow zealot for 'the tradition of the elders' could object."

"I wish you all success in your efforts, for it's the duty of us younger men to see that the upholders of 'the former days' don't make their yoke too heavy. It's no irreverence, no breaking with the past, to realise that in non-essentials the present may claim some right to change."

Alison turned the yellowed pages, conscious at first only of that "passion of the past," the wistful appeal of the "days that are no more"—the two young men, big with the consciousness of the claims of youth and of the daring stand they were ready to make for what had long, long ago fossilised in its turn into tradition. Then the whimsical, rueful smile kindled in her eyes again as she recalled the crowded kirk in Finnarty, the tall, spare, black figure, and the white wrath of the aged face making dumb, fierce protest against the encroachment of the new age. Surely it was one of life's little ironies that he too had been an innovator, an advocate of change in those departed days.

Then a different smile lit her face. Would he see it himself? He was so just and reasonable in all else—would that avail now against prejudice—against the tradition of the elders? Would it? Well, it was worth trying.

"You have indeed been industrious, my dear," said Dr. Ferrier, with his formal

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"Dr. Ferrier stared at her
in dumb amazement"—p. 338.

Drawn by
John Cameron.

courtesy, as Alison came into the study next day, laden with neat packets of papers. "I have just laid hands on the statement myself, so I commend your diligence the more, as I fear you can have found nothing of interest to yourself among those papers."

"Oh, but I did. I found some of them of great interest," said Alison quickly.

"Indeed, my dear. I should hardly have expected that," said Dr. Ferrier indulgently.

"It was interesting to find that what we now take as the merest matter of course had once to be fought for. I'm afraid we young folk think that it's only we who want to make changes—improvements, we call them," said Alison with a slight laugh. "It's a good thing for us to learn that

there were young folk before us who were as keen for *their* changes as we are to-day."

"To what do you allude?" said Dr. Ferrier, pushing up his spectacles.

"To these," said Alison, putting down the papers "Ancient the Paraphrases" on the desk before him with the letter from the old friend uppermost. "I only glanced at them at first, and then I got interested, especially in the letter. When I read about your giving out the paraphrase in the old kirk where one had never been sung before, and where they had actually been cut clean out of the Bible, I thought it a brave thing to do, for there must have been many who'd resent it and think it wrong, and I thought that, after all, we're only uncon-

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sciously following a fine example when we want in our turn to make our little changes, and—and that perhaps those who have been fighters in their own days should hardly be the ones to blame us—they might find some excuse for us," she ended hastily and somewhat tremulously.

Dr. Ferrier stared at her in dumb amazement. For a long moment the silence lasted, then a faint flush rose in the old, bloodless face.

"You fall into the common error of youth. You compare things which are in no way comparable," said Dr. Ferrier coldly. "If you will leave me now I shall look over the rest of the papers, unless you have any more discoveries to report," with a note of sarcasm unusual to him.

But Alison had said her say—too much, perhaps, she feared. She went quietly away and shut the door.

And behind that closed door the old man was shaken at first by sheer anger and by that bitter shock when age discovers that the pedestal on which it had so long stood secure has been imperceptibly undermined by the rising tide of change. To compare his stand for a rightful privilege of the Kirk with the wanton and sacrilegious introduction of a voluntary! It was unthinkable—intolerable! And that Alison should do it!

To calm himself he picked up the letter after a time. Poor Hughie Wishart, such a staunch friend, such a good fellow—and dead long, long ago. But how that forgotten letter brought it all back. He saw again a crowded kirk, but now it was he who stood in the high pulpit with every eye upon him. He heard a voice, oddly unlike his own, announce:

"Let us sing to the praise of God the 60th Paraphrase."

He saw the precentor in the desk beneath him crane his neck to look up in surprise and doubt; saw the wave of wonder and consternation pass over all the upturned faces, while some darkened with anger and revolt. What an endless pause it had seemed before Aunra Robb, the precentor, had at last struck his tuning-fork and "raised the tune." How quivering and tremulous were the voices that joined in at first before gradually the flood of sound rose and swelled. Yes, and what a long

breath of relief had been drawn by that young man standing waiting in the pulpit.

How clearly it all came back. It might have been yesterday—it might have been that other Sabbath in Finnarty kirk! The remembrance stung. He got up and walked hastily up and down the book-cumbered room. He had said the occasions were not comparable, and more hotly than ever he maintained that they were not, but—but, the question would not be shut out—what if some objector had made the same protest on his own first Sabbath in his first kirk, with his first sermon to preach? His grandson's look as their eyes had met across the packed rows of faces would not be forgotten.

For hours the study door was locked that day, as the battle went on. A man of deep and narrow heart and intellect, whose principles and prepossessions have grown to be as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, is not easily driven to abandon one jot of them. The struggle was a sore one. Alison had been right. He was a man of strict justice, but even that might not have prevailed, had not the stricken look in his boy's eyes that Sabbath-day turned his heart traitor.

The long June day had burned itself out, the peace of twilight lay over the quiet kirk-yard and the silent fields without, when, with a faint smile, and saying to himself, "She was right. 'Out of the mouth of babes,'" he at last opened the door. Alison, pale and anxious, was hovering in the passage without.

"Send for Grant—send for him at once. I'm an old man now," he said brokenly.

A light brighter than the vanished day flashed into Alison's face.

"He's here," she exclaimed, "he's been waiting—we've been waiting for hours."

The look and the tone were an involuntary confession, and the storm of emotion which had swept over the old man had left his perceptions all the more sensitive.

"Is it so, my dear?" he said with a smile, and laying a hand of benediction gently on her head. "Ah, well, go and bring him—go and bring him." And as she swiftly went he murmured, "The new generation—I should have remembered that it is from generation to generation that the good grows."

Beside the Still Waters



The Answer

"**M**AKE of my heart," I cried, "a lyre
whereon
The wind of man's desire shall sweep some
string

Into immortal music; utterly gone
My dearest hopes unless I gain this thing."
Then the calm Voice: "Nay, son, thy prayer
is wild,
But thou mayst feed, for Me, an hungry
child."

"Give me to die in some supreme emprise,
And falling, shout, 'They flee, the field is
ours!'"

When Stephen raised to Heav'n those angel
eyes,

The stones that crush'd his body seem'd like
flowers;

A martyr's or a warrior's death be mine!"

"Nay, dreamer, thou must learn to serve, not
shine."

"Yea, let me serve; be mine the holy wrath
Which deals the heart of Vice its deadliest
thrust,

Better a thousand perils in my path
Than such sad safety where the roads are
dust."

"Nay, child, thy peril is thy restless will—
Thy task is patience; suffer and be still!"

"O Infinite Love, I lean my heart on Thine!
The humblest task Thou hast my joy shall
be!"

Behold, the sandiest pathways grow divine,
If so these leagues of desert lead toward Thee;
Come joy or pain, Thy will, not mine, be done."

"At last thy prayer is answered, O my son."

—FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Shirking the Corners

PERHAPS there are no habits so hard to
overcome as those of general looseness
and want of system. They are often associ-
ated with abundant energy. The corners
are not shirked through fatigue, but there
is an unaccountable persistency in avoiding
them, which resolution and preaching are
alike unable to conquer. The root of the
inconsistency is a desire speedily to achieve
results. To keep this desire in subjection,
to shut the eyes to results, but patiently to
remove the dust to the last atom of it lying in
the dark angle, is a good part of self-culture.

—MARK RUTHERFORD.



The Worship of Nature

I THINK that many of us have been
impressed sometimes with the strange
sense of worship in the universe. The
beauty of the world and the wonder of
things have produced in us a feeling of
worship. We have read the sonnets of
Wordsworth and that marvellous morning
hymn of Coleridge's, and we have felt how
true it is that "the strength of the hills is His
also." I imagine that Christ was conscious
of that from this fact—that He often, when
He wished to pray, went up to a mountain;
and one of His greatest prayers was prayed
among the grey olives of Gethsemane.
But He never suggests that through the
beauty and harmony of the universe we
shall get to the secret of prayer. I think
it is one of our peculiar difficulties to-day
that we mistake the joy of the universe for
the knowledge of God. We substitute a kind
of emotion which is mere sentimentality

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for the life of the Spirit, and therefore our Lord's personal teaching is peculiarly necessary to-day, and applies with peculiar force to the man who worships best out in the field. He does not worship according to Christ's command. If he wants to worship, he is to go into his closet and shut the door. Christ will not reveal Himself until the world is shut out and until he has directed his eyes inward. Not God in history, not God in the universe, but God in the soul is the secret of prayer; and unless we have found Him there we shall never pray in Christ's sense at all. Shut the door, shut your eyes, forget the world, let it all pass from you as a dream (as indeed it is), and let the closed eyes mean the concentration of your being inwardly there, abstracted from the world—and call upon your Father, who sees and hears in secret. Shut the door, and there in the quietness begin to breathe the name, and the Spirit that comes will surely come. Then presently you will be able to say, "My God," and then, if "My God," then all men's God—*our* God; "Father, my Father—all men's Father," and so on to the first great offering of the Lord's prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven."

—REV. R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.

Making Heroes

IT is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense—sugar plums of any kind, in this world or the next! In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. . . . It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven, as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, and the dullest day drudge kindles into a hero. —CARLYLE.

Life's Apprenticeship

WE must learn to look upon life as an apprenticeship to a progressive renunciation, a perpetual diminution in our pretensions, our hopes, our powers, and our liberty. The circle grows narrower and narrower; we began with being eager to learn everything, to see everything, to tame and conquer everything, and in all directions we reach our limit—*non plus ultra*. Fortune, glory, love, power, health, happiness, long life, all these blessings which have been possessed by other men seem at first promised and accessible to us, and then

we have to put the dream away from us, to withdraw one personal claim after another, to make ourselves small and humble, to submit to feel ourselves limited, feeble, dependent, ignorant and poor, and to throw ourselves upon God for all, recognising our own worthlessness and that we have no right to anything. It is in this nothingness that we recover something of life, the divine spark is there at the bottom of it. Resignation comes to us all, and in believing love we reconquer the true greatness. —AMEL.

The Call of God

NOW believe me, God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best. There is a time when we are not content to be such merchants, or doctors, or lawyers, as we see on the dead level, or below it. The woman longs to glorify her womanhood as sister, wife or mother. . . . Here is God—God standing silently at the door all day long—God whispering to the soul that to be pure and true is to succeed in life, and whatever we get short of that will burn up like stubble, though the whole world try to save it. —ROBERT COLLIER.

Growing Old Leisurely

IT is good to have been young in youth, and, as years go on, to grow older. Many are already old before they are through their teens; but to travel deliberately through one's ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education. Times change, opinions vary to their opposite, and still this world appears a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse exercise, and bracing, manly virtues; and what can be more encouraging than to find the friend who was welcome at one age, still welcome at another? Our affections and beliefs are wider than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand, for it is grounded beyond experience, and guides us, blindfold, but safe, from one age to another.

—STEVENSON.

BEWARE

*Of finding fault. Her wall's unnerced
By blame; from you 'twould be despair;
But praise that is not quite deserved
Will a' her noble nature move
To make your utmost wishes true.*

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF HUMOUR

By

HAROLD CROOK

What is Humour? With Bernard Shaw we may say that humour cannot be defined, but this article endeavours to trace the stream of humour to its primal fount.

IT is not always possible to agree with Mr. George Bernard Shaw, but when he tells us that humour cannot be defined, one is inclined to acquiesce. Perhaps the best attempt at definition is given us by Mr. Israel Zangwill, who says "Humour is the smile in the look of wisdom." In a lengthy analysis Mr. Owen Seaman, the editor of *Punch*, points out that it depends largely on contrast, incongruity, and a subjective sense of superiority.

The First Primeval Jokes

When we trace up the stream of humour to its primal fount, we discover that the primitive authors of jokes were men who employed, not the pen, but the chisel and the brush, and the most venerable existing specimens thus belong to art, and to Egypt, the cradle and nursery of art. Even now the pencil remains a favourite vehicle for the exhibition of humorous traits in distinguished persons in the form of caricature. Much of the humour of our ancestors we fail to appreciate, because we have not the setting and context. For instance, we lack the atmosphere of the great Rotterdam wit and philosopher, Erasmus, who appreciated sallies and strokes of humour which at a modern dinner-table would scarcely stir a muscle.

Humour in the Bible

The Hebrews were a serious nation, not lightly given to mirth, but still we find evidence of humour in the riddle. The story of Samson furnishes us with an illustration in his conundrum: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." In Roman literature we have evidences of wit in Terence and Horace among others, while in Greek literature we have the dainty lyric grace and airy fancy of Aristophanes. A few

illustrations must suffice from the classical writers. A more pungent jest on a doctor was never uttered than this: "Pheidon neither drenched me nor touched me, but being ill of a fever, I remembered his name and died." Or again, "Though to your face that mirror lies, 'tis just the glass for you, Demosthenes; you'd shut your eyes if it reflected true." These have their counterpart in modern times and show that there is little new under the sun even in humour. In this country we can go a long way back for books of humour. One published in 1530 was called "Merry Tales and Quick Answers." But the most famous of all came out in 1739, entitled "Joe Miller's Jests, or the Wit's Vade Mecum." The full title of one of these ancient books is deliciously quaint: "Wit and Mirth, chargeably collected out of Taverns, Ordinaries, Inns, Bowling-greens and Alleys, Alehouses, Tobacco Shops, Highways and Water Passages, made up and fashioned into Clinches, Bulls, Quirks, Yerks, Quips and Jerks." From these books we glean much intimate knowledge of the modes of the period, and they are consequently useful to the historian and antiquary as a mirror of the times.

The Wit of the Clubs

Still later than these books, we have the famous literary clubs with their keen rivalry in witticisms. Space does not permit to tell the endless stories of scintillating wit struck from the genius of such men as Douglas Jerrold and Sydney Smith, of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, of Theodore Hook and Thomas Hood, of Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Dickens. That it was not always a lucrative occupation we gather from Hood, who declared that he had "to be a lively Hood for a livelihood," which was mournfully true in his case.

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Leaving the tempting pastures of the unconscious humour of children and "things we would like to have put differently," let us graze on the varied fields of conscious humour, with their perennial greenness.

The Pun

Perhaps the commonest form is the pun. In a pun we have two ideas called to the mind at once, and as all thought is the comparison of relations, this is simply a caricature of the normal processes of thought. This is a particularly English form of humour, because it is based on implication. Even St. Paul must plead guilty to a play upon words over the incident of the runaway slave, Onesimus, whose name means "profitable." This mode of wit was very prevalent in the Victorian age, and we cannot but admire the ingenuity of the good punster. The laughter was highest when the shot was wildest, which answers to Charles Lamb's maxim that the worst pun is the best. In a sense puns are a perfect type of literary art, the chief essence of which is that completeness of form should confirm completeness of idea. Who could more succinctly portray a duel, for instance, than in the lines of Tom Hood:

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His shot he did expend,
And may all other duels have
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One of the smartest modern illustrations of a pun is this: The famous violinist Lazarus was once playing when a member of the audience remarked, with obvious reference to the Biblical story of Dives and Lazarus, "It would take a clever dog to lick that beggar."

Bulls—Irish and Otherwise

Closely akin to puns, as a form of mirth, are bulls. A "bull" expresses substantial sense in the guise of verbal nonsense. It is commonly viewed as a genuine Irish product, but may it not be of Italian and ecclesiastical descent? The Papal brief, in the first place, borrowed its name from the leaden seal which was attached to it; the odium under which Popery and its supporters fell in the time of Elizabeth next led to the passage

of the bull into our vocabulary as a term of ridicule or contempt, and finally when the strong political feeling had subsided, the expression stood for any piece of harmless extravagance.

The palm in this department must certainly be given to a German professor, named Johannes Amer, who died a while ago in Vienna. One of his pupils had a list of his remarkable sayings; among them occurred the following: "Covered with countless wounds Caesar fell dead near the statue of Pompey; with one hand he drew his toga over his face, while with the other he called for help."

But "bulls" are usually associated with the Emerald Isle, and Irish bulls result mostly from the transition stage of the language from Irish to English. A lady wrote to her friend, "I met you this morning, and you did not come; I'll meet you tomorrow morning, whether you come or not." An amusing bull was perpetrated a while ago in such an august assembly as the House of Commons, when Lord Hugh Cecil was reported to have accused the Government of "killing the House of Commons with the slow poison of the guillotine," which is nearly as good as Tim Healy's delightful sentence, "As long as the voice of Irish suffering is dumb, the ear of English compassion is deaf to it."

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Mixed Metaphor

We must include with the above that delightful form of humour occasioned by mixed metaphors, as the orator who declared, "We will march forth with our axes on our shoulders, and plough the mighty deep, so

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that our gallant ships shall sail gloriously over the land."

Festal occasions often evoke humour in the form of toasts, as the one proposed by a gallant young man in which he referred to a member of the other sex as a "delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence, and treacle stand appalled." Different parts of the country own their own toast. The "Zummerset" toast is: "Then here's to you and yourn, and when you and yourn d'come to we and ourn, ull do to you and yourn, as you and yourn have done to we and ourn." The Yorkshire man puts it in these words: "Here's tiv all o' us, and may we niver want nought noan of us, naw me nawther."

Less boisterous, but a true form of humour, are some definitions which shall be taken from the great wit, Horace Smith:—"Egotism: suffering the private 'I' to be too much in the public eye." "Envy: punishing ourselves for being unfair to our neighbours." "Compliment: a thing often paid by people who pay nothing else." "Curiosity: looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking your own."

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Parodies

Parodies offer a wide field for witty illustration. They are as old as the hills, dating back to Hipponax of Ephesus, who made parodies on Homer. The parody takes some well-known piece of prose or poetry, and while preserving the external form, uses it to clothe some totally different kind of composition, creating amusement by the very grotesqueness of the new combination.

For illustration, all lovers of Dickens will remember in "The Old Curiosity Shop" the delightful scraps of Tom Moore's amatory ditties with which, slightly adapted to current circumstances, Dick Swiveller used to console himself when Destiny seemed too strong for him. Parody is not always innocent. It may ridicule what is good. It is a question if the condemnation and death of Socrates may not be traced originally to the feelings created by the pernicious parodies of Aristophanes.

Healthy Humour

Humour has many wholesome offices, when it can be said, like Shakespeare, "He jests at scars that never felt a wound" (*Romeo and Juliet*), for it is true:

"Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
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IN FAVOUR OF FISH

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

ALTHOUGH there has been a marked increase in the price of fish since the commencement of the war, this form of food still remains one of the best and cheapest comestibles at the command of the housewife.

I do not think that the average British housewife is sufficiently thankful that her home happens to be in that particular corner of the globe where there is, even in the remotest country villages, no real difficulty in obtaining a regular supply of fresh fish.

To fully realise this blessing, one has to live, if but for a few months, in a land where the only sea-fish to be had has travelled for days and nights packed in salt, ice or other preservatives, and is totally different in taste from what it would be if consumed some hundreds of miles nearer the port where it was landed. There are, of course, many kinds of delicious lake and river fish all the world over, indeed it is difficult to find a place where fish in some shape or form is absolutely unknown, but fresh-water fish lack something contained in the salt-water species, and one soon tires of them.

The two reasons generally given in disfavour of fish as a daily article of diet are that there are so few varieties and only two ways of cooking them, i.e. frying and boiling, and it must be granted that in houses where these two methods only are employed it is not extraordinary that the family complains of monotonous fare. Now it does not,

unfortunately, lie within the power of the most accomplished and scientific housewife to manufacture a new animal, but I hope to prove in this article that she need not be very clever to provide her household with a fish diet in which the same dish does not appear oftener than once a fortnight at most, and that these dishes can be made from the cheapest and, as colloquially expressed, "commonest" kinds of fish. Before, however, entering into details, I would like to impress upon the housewife some important facts connected with fish in general.

Firstly, fish *must* be fresh (a twopenny whiting that has not been out of the sea more than twelve hours is far preferable in every way to a sole that is soft and flabby), and the purchases should be limited to those fish that happen to be "in season" at the time. The "in and out" seasons for fish are not very rigidly adhered to, and it is often a little bewildering to the young housewife to know which variety she should buy. Most cookery books contain a table of "foods in season," but even these vary considerably when it is a question of fish. By comparing several one can glean a certain amount of knowledge, but experience is the best teacher. There are few weeks in the year when the fishmonger's shop does not exhibit specimens of all kinds of fish (excepting such fish as salmon, crabs, lobsters, etc., which are not allowed to be sold at other than stated times), but close

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inspection quickly reveals the fact that some of them are in much finer condition than others, and for this reason the housewife should make a point of personally selecting the fish for her family. No knowledge beyond the facts that the fishmonger has the fish and what the price is can be gleaned from the printed list presented by "the boy" at the back door, and, of all tradesmen, the fishmonger soon finds out which of his customers know "what's what," and those who are satisfied with any of his wares that he chooses to send them, which generally means the fish rejected by those who have made their purchases in person. To enter into details about the different kinds of fish and their uses as food would occupy the whole of the space at my command, and, important as these questions are, I must pass them over and fulfil my promise of suggesting some ways of varying the monotony of everyday fish cookery.

Some Ways of using Dried Haddocks

At certain times of the year dried haddocks are fine and cheap, and they need not be relegated solely to the breakfast table, but may be served in other forms than the usual "fried in water."

Scrape the fish and trim it, sprinkle salt on both sides, let it stand for two hours, then with a clean cloth wipe off the adherent moisture and dust the fish well with flour flavoured with pepper. If very large divide into sections. Put 3 oz. of dripping into a frying pan, and when the fat is hot lay in the pieces of haddock. Fry for eight minutes (or longer if very thick), then turn and cook on the other side. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve.

As served in Scotland

Wipe, skin, and trim a fine haddock, and divide it into four or six pieces. Put a tea-cupful of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, salt and pepper, into a stewpan, add the pieces of fish, and stew gently until tender. Lift out the fish and place it on a hot plate to keep warm. Break three or four eggs into the liquor, stir vigorously until the mixture thickens and becomes lumpy. Pour this over the haddock, and serve at once.

One or two pieces of haddock left from a previous meal can be used for a breakfast or supper savoury. Remove the skin and bones, and pound the fish with a little butter,

pepper, and anchovy sauce. Spread the paste on slices of hot buttered toast, and heat in the oven.

Sprats are a fish very often neglected by even the most economical of housewives. They are popularly supposed to "come in" on Lord Mayor's Day, and they are in season during the cold weather. The cost seldom rises to 3d. per lb., and when one can obtain a meal at so low a cost it is worth while taking a little trouble over the preparation.

Fried Sprats

To fry small fish to perfection it is necessary to have a quantity of hot fat and a frying basket, but unless a very large dish is required they can be cooked quite well in a deep frying pan and lifted out on a fish slice. When the first fry has to be kept hot while a second one is being cooked, thorough draining is essential. Sprats will keep perfectly crisp for ten or fifteen minutes if absolutely free from fat. They should be placed on crumpled heated paper and stood in the oven with door open. But however well fried, they will become sodden and unpleasant both to eat and to look at if allowed to lie in the fat that drains from them.

Put the fat into the pan and stand it over the fire. Place the sprats in a basin, pour cold water on them, wash well, then rinse and lay on a sieve. Put some flour into a cloth, and add the sprats a few at a time, shaking them about in the flour so that they are well covered. When the fat is ready throw in a dozen fish, let them cook for three or four minutes, then drain, and add more.

Broiled sprats are threaded on a thin wire, which is passed through the heads. The gridiron should be well rubbed with mutton fat and placed over a clear fire. One minute's exposure to the heat on each side is sufficient to cook the little fish. Brown bread and butter, cayenne pepper, and cut lemon are always sent to table with sprats.

Sprat Sardines

This is an excellent recipe for home-made sardines, and fish prepared in this way equals the best tinned goods.

The quantities given are for 2 lb. of sprats. Wash and thoroughly dry the fish, remove the heads, and arrange them in layers in a wide-mouthed jar, adding a few peppercorns and an occasional bay leaf.

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Put $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Lucca oil and a tablespoonful of salt into a lined saucepan, and stir over the fire until it boils, then pour it boiling over the fish, and tie down at once. The "sardines" should be allowed to stand in the oil for a week before they are eaten, but they will keep for some time and improve with keeping.

Stuffed Fish

Stuffed fish is much liked in my own house, and also by the guests who from time to time pay us visits. Small hake and codlings can be stuffed whole, or, if preferred, pieces from the centres of the fish can be procured and stuffed. An ordinary veal stuffing, well flavoured with any approved herbs or only grated lemon rind and chopped parsley, is used, and the fish well basted with clarified fat or butter. Much of the success of the dish depends on constant and plentiful basting. Fillets of plaice, lemon sole, or large whiting can be spread with stuffing, then rolled and cooked like beef olives; and another method is as follows:

Remove the skin from a large plaice, make an incision down the centre of the back, and raise the flesh from the bone one inch on both sides. Make a stuffing out of 4 tablespoonfuls fine breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoonfuls lard or chopped suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mixed herbs, a little grated lemon rind, and a flavouring of salt and pepper, bound together with an egg or a little milk. Place this in the incisions, and lay the fish on a fireproof dish, with several pieces of dripping or butter on top. Bake for twenty minutes, or longer if necessary. A few minutes before serving sprinkle with breadcrumbs and baste well with hot fat, and when the surface has become a delicate brown serve in the dish in which the fish was cooked.

I have often written of the merits of casserole cookery, and in no branch of the culinary art is a casserole more satisfactory than when used for cooking fish.

Fillets of lemon sole, plaice, haddock, whiting, etc., seasoned with salt and pepper, and spread with a thin layer of stuffing (cod and hake steaks can have the bones removed and the cavities filled with the stuffing), are placed in the well-buttered dish, a little stock (made from the fish bones) poured over, sprinkled with chopped parsley, tightly covered and baked in the oven for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Or the

fillets, flavoured with pepper, salt, and lemon juice, can be placed in the casserole, covered with slices of tomato and pieces of mushroom, and baked in the same way.

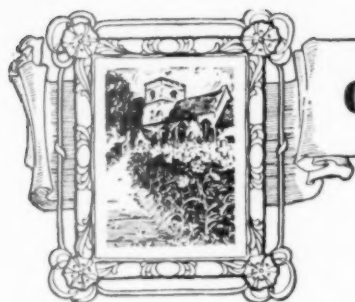
Some persons like onions with fish, and in this case a few small round onions can be fried in the casserole in butter, and the pieces of fish rolled in highly seasoned flour and fried in the same fat. A little white or brown stock or milk is then poured into the casserole, which is covered and stood in the oven for half an hour.

The butter or other fat medium, which is essential to casserole cooking, is sometimes quoted as an extravagance; but when the cost of breadcrumbs, egg, and frying fat, or the sauce served with boiled or steamed fish, is taken into consideration, it will be found that these generally exceed that of the ounce or two of butter used in the casserole.

When fish is, as it should be in all households, served in some form or other every day, it is often both convenient and economical to order sufficient for two meals at the same time. For instance, a large family will easily consume a fish weighing 5 to 6 lb. in two meals, and, as a rule, a whole fish can be bought for at least 2d. per lb. cheaper than a "cut." There are numberless ways of using cooked fish, and several which, with the aid of potatoes, rice, macaroni, etc., provide a substantial and palatable meal at a very small cost. Fish cakes flavoured in different ways, fritters, kedjeree, fish pies, hot and cold moulds, scalloped fish, and fish curries are all so simple that they can be made by the inexperienced cook, and most of them only require re-heating for supper or breakfast. Here is one such recipe:

American Fish Pie

One pound of any kind of cooked fish freed from skin and bones and carefully flaked, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked macaroni or rice, 3 tomatoes, a teacupful of fine breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, and flavourings are required. Butter a pie-dish, put in a layer of sliced tomatoes, then one of fish, and one of rice or macaroni well flavoured with salt, pepper, and mace. Continue till the dish is filled, the last layer being of tomatoes. Pour in the milk, sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs, place some little pieces of butter on top, and bake in a quick oven for half an hour.



Conversation Corner

Conducted by

THE EDITOR

The Turco at Prayer

SOME readers were rather puzzled by the picture on the cover of my February issue. I am always sorry when a cover picture fails to tell its story at a glance. But put yourself in the Editor's place. I wanted a subject that should bear on Religion and the War. Obviously the general run of topical pictures of men fighting, the call to arms, etc., were ruled out; the picture of an Army Chaplain preaching to Tommies would not, to my way of thinking, give an air of freshness to THE QUIVER, nor would it, from an artistic point of view, make a good picture. What extraordinary fact, in this extraordinary war, lends itself to illustration in connection with a magazine designed to treat of religion? Why, surely, the native Mohammedan soldier—British Indian, or French Algerian—putting up his petitions for success of arms in favour of a Christian nation at war with the Commander of the Faithful. Our artist, therefore, was instructed to depict a French Turco soldier saying his evening prayers on the battlefield. To my mind, Mr. A. C. Michael, the artist, has made an extraordinarily good picture of the incident. Turn back to last month's copy and see for yourself.

Times Change

THIS is no time for the man with fixed ideas. Ever since those August days when we were plunged into war we have been learning; the theories we held most stubbornly, the habits that were rigidly fixed, the sentiments on which we prided ourselves, have all been shaken up, and in some cases fundamentally altered. We do well, now and again, to stand quietly aside and examine afresh our principles, our faiths, and our hopes, to see what is the firm foundation on which we may build. The season of Lent gives us such an occasion—an opportunity all the more necessary in this year of momentous happenings.

Lenten Confession

AS individuals, we all have our faults and failings to deplore and to forsake; but at this time of Lent, what national sins of omission and commission have we to confess? Certainly we have to acknowledge that before the war we had grown slack; we had become too fond of the easy way, too prone to seek for amusement, and too keen on the material things. The war has sobered us. Last month we dealt with the possible effect of the war on literature and on religion. Will it not also have its abiding effect on our national frame of mind?

"Insularity"

WE have been apt to charge the Germans with an undue sense of their own importance. They have allowed themselves to grow up with the notion that they are the Chosen Race, that others are barbarians, that it is their mission in the world to spread abroad—with force if necessary—that German "Kultur" which is the cream of the world's civilisation. Is there not some corresponding national failing on our side that we need to correct? Now, I am honestly ready to admit that there has been very little of the "Jingo" spirit in our nation of late, and that no rattling of the scabbard can be laid to our charge in connection with the origin of this war. We had our lesson in South Africa fifteen years ago; and if there was no panic in August of last year, there certainly has been no tendency to mafficking. But a common criticism made against this nation has been that of "insularity." We have been ready to boast that we were superior to "those foreigners," and we have not troubled what impression we made on foreign nations; we have been apt to despise the habits, standards, and feelings of foreign races whom we neither understand nor appreciate. Watch the Englishman on holiday on the Continent, and you will know what I mean. We remember how this "in-

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sularity" developed, about the time of the Boer War, into that "splendid isolation" as lonely as it was risky. King Edward VII. did a great deal to break down this atmosphere, and the war has gone a long way to dispose of it finally. For we are no longer spectators, snugly secure in our little seagirt island, of the quarrels and strivings of the people on the other side of the thin strip of sea. We are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Frenchman and the Russian, the Belgian, and even the Serb. We cannot afford to minimise their part of the struggle, nor to despise them and their way of thinking. As a matter of fact, we do neither. The brotherhood of arms has created a feeling of unity and sympathy, a bond of understanding and good fellowship that was entirely lacking before. True, the Belgian is of the Catholic faith, the Frenchman often charged with "atheism," and the Russian belongs to the Eastern Church. Yet we fight with them, trust them, love them. The war has forced us to widen our sympathies and broaden our outlook; no longer dare we be parochial, nor even national; we must see and appreciate the good in men of diverse nationalities and creeds.



The Charity that Comprehends

ALL this is to the good, and may we not hope that this will be one of the effects that will remain with us after the war? For the spirit of comprehension and co-operation is a valuable one and a Christian one, and is capable of much wider extension. We religious people have often been accused of being "narrow," and perhaps the charge has not been without foundation. Each one of us has believed, in our heart of hearts, that "we are the people," that our creed is the perfect one, our denomination the only logical and orthodox Church. Now this is not the time when we should forgo our faith, or put aside any of the principles that are vital to our religion. But is it not the lesson of this war that mere insularity and exclusiveness is of little service to the world, that there is good in the people whose religious opinions are very different from our own, and whose religious practices are not such as we should choose for ourselves? We are beginning to see that God has His purposes for the small nations as well as the great, that He has His use for the man of muscle as well as for the

mystic; that human nature is a very varied affair. Even the ne'er-do-well who has had the grace to respond to his nation's call must have at heart a substratum of good which is of real religious as well as national value. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," and hereafter it will be hard to condemn the soldier, although his faults may be glaring and oft-repeated. The working man has risked his life for us, the middle-class man has thrown up his position at the call of duty, and the "idle rich" we have been apt to scorn have proved that they know the meaning of self-sacrifice. The Frenchman has added patience to courage, the Russian self-denial to fortitude, and the Belgian has covered himself with glory. Verily, if there is much to fill us with pride these days, there is much to make us humble. If these men can act as heroes, of what have we to boast beside them?



The Gap in the Bond

IN this great bond of brotherhood there is a conspicuous gap. We have our meed of praise for Belgium, Serbia, Japan, as well as for France and Russia; but when Germany is mentioned, at the best we can only be silent. Is it too much to ask of us Christians that we shall pray for our enemies, that we shall look forward to the day when we shall be able to see eye to eye with those we once greeted as Christian brothers? There is a great deal in war to make us harden our hearts; war inevitably breeds distrust, hatred, vengeance, and I must confess that I for one find it very difficult to keep cool in face of some of the terrible tragedies of this awful business. Let us continue to do our utmost to bring this struggle to an end in the only way consistent with honour and justice; but at the same time, in as far as we are able, let us all turn our minds away from the bitterness that cannot but fester, and learn that in this gigantic international co-operation to right the wrong there is a foretaste and a promise of the time when men shall come together with one heart and one mind, not to wage war but to seek peace and ensue it.

The Editor



THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted by ALISON

Motto. By Love Serve One Another

*How, When and
Where Corner,
March, 1915*

MY DEAR CHUMS—BOYS AND GIRLS,
—Here are two letters from Canada.
You will like to see them before any others.
LENA wrote just before Christmas:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I suppose you think I am awfully ungrateful to not write you, but I am so busy with my school that it does not leave much time. We are going to have a Sunday School Christmas entertainment. I'm in three dialogues. We are having our Christmas exams, now. They are quite difficult. Do you know of any good story books for me? I've read all the books I have, and am sick of them. Write and tell me, please. It snowed last night very much. It is seven inches deep. I am sending you a story I wrote in the spring. You may publish it if you wish.—I remain, yours sincerely, LENA."

The story has not arrived when I write to you, but you may guess I shall watch for it!

VIOLET's letter is slightly longer:

"DEAR ALISON,—I am writing to wish you and the Companions a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, in spite of all the sadness the war is bringing to our country. — is trying to raise 50,000 dollars for the Patriotic Fund, also funds for our soldiers' wives and children, and the children of the poor families whose parents are out of work. We have already had a fall of snow, but it soon disappeared. We are hoping to have sleighing for Christmas because old Santa Claus cannot get around so quickly without it. We had a darling baby come to our home nearly five months ago. We call her Doris Kathleen. She can laugh and coo and blow bubbles. Her little lips are like small rose-buds, and we love to kiss them. We are going to hang up her stocking, and perhaps Santa will fill it. We go to a lovely new school called 'Queen Mary.' We have a lovely playground at our school for tennis and basket-ball, and the 'Fire Department' is going to flood it this winter for skating and tobogganing. The stores are all beautifully decorated for Christmas, and Helen and I love to spend Saturday afternoons among the stores. I passed this summer into the Senior Third, and hope to pass into the Junior Fourth by summer. I am growing to be a big girl for 13 years old. Did you receive my photo this year? I spent my summer vacation this year with a friend of mother's who had a little baby three months old, and I often had the pleasure of taking her out. I would like very much to have the Christmas Quiver.—Hoping I will hear from you soon, I remain, your little friend, VIOLET LITTLE."

The photograph Violet mentions did *not* reach me; but I hope we shall have new ones of both our girls before long.

Before going on to our Letter Box, a promise given last month must be fulfilled. I said you should hear about—

Some of our Dolls' "New Mothers"

While the dolls for the competition kept coming in I was looking forward to the day when I should again be "One of Father Christmas's daughters." It was quite impossible for me to take them *all*. But every one was given to some child or another. And each one was a messenger of gladness in a poor home. Oh! it was a dismal, horrid day in London, that Wednesday before Christmas Day. I wished I could have taken many things besides dolls to all the homes I visited. Yet I was sufficiently laden with a big attaché case in one hand and an umbrella in the other hand, and a large box under one arm.

EDITH CLARKE's dainty baby doll went to Hilda S., a very severe heart case, a little girl who is going to a convalescent home, where, it is hoped, much good will be done for her. She lives with her granny, who went to my sister's office to say how delighted Hilda was with her present.

ISABEL DOBSON's blue-velvet-coated lady was given to Lucy I. She has spinal trouble—has had to lie on her back for two years, but is now able to walk just a little.

Alice H. was a little girl to whom I took a dollie last year, and she still had its remains! She is 4½, and now can walk a bit, though wearing a special jacket which prevents entire freedom of movement. "What shall you call her?" I asked when EDITH SMITH's big doll was unpacked and being studied by the new mother with awe! A few days before, she had asked her mother why her

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own name was not "Ivy." So "Ivy" became the doll's name—and very joyous was the little child with her new possession.

DOROTHY PRATT's doll gave intense joy to a six-year-old little girl, Nellie C. She always will be a cripple, though clever treatment and a spinal jacket has helped her much. She was trying to "sweep the kitchen for mother" when I arrived, and the white-clad dollie had to be put away until she was washed! But, oh, the rapture of that first hug! I carried Nellie's gay smile and delight in vision all the rest of the rainy, dull day.

The little dolls dressed by JEAN BEST's two friends bore their names already—fastened on their dresses in the manner of the Dutch babies Elsie Hibbard tells of in her letter. "Alice" went to a little six-year-old infantile paralysis patient named Grace. "Elsie" gave huge delight to a small rheumatically girl whose mother is a widow. MAUDE ARMSTRONG's pink-frocked doll went to Caroline W., a ten-year-old hip patient. She has been in an extension splint for about five years. Her father is at the war.

MARGARET and MARY DAVIDSON's gifts were given to two frightfully poor little children. One had been in bed for a month with meningitis; ENID JONES's long-clothed baby (so precocious, with its four top teeth!) became the treasure of a nine-year-old mother, Lilian H., who has been lying in an extension splint (for hip trouble) for some years.

I must not give any more particulars now. If individual competitors want them, they may write to me for them. Now—

Will you please say "Welcome!" to these New Members?

"DEAR ALISON,—I should like to become a member of the How, When and Where Corner. I take THE QUIVER now, and my cousin, Margaret Harding, has told me about the How, When and Where Corner," says IRENE PHILLIPS (age 13, Berks).

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I thought I'd like to join the How, When and Where Corner, but have not done so as I thought it was really for girls, but I see that boys are also members," wrote JACK MORGAN (age 9, London), in a very well-written and interesting letter.

I have assured Jack that we have lots of boy members; but they are not such good correspondents as our girls, alas! How can we wake them up?

A SINCLAIR-COLEMAN (age 28) is a new

friend in India, from whom I look for a letter soon.

ALICE E. WOODROFFE (Grenada) joins our growing numbers in the West Indies; and AGNES MILLINER (age 11) is an addition in Jamaica.

JOHN PALMER (age not given; Monmouthshire) says he likes the Corner "very, very much. When is the next competition?" he asks.

EDNA BURGESS, one of our recently welcomed members, says:

"Next time I hope to be able to send a little money towards our Fund. THE QUIVER is a lovely magazine, and I am so interested in our Scheme."

A Reminder to Subscribers

The response to my plea at the end of the year for our Fund, I am glad to show you, was very cheering. The shareholders' list will follow this letter. Study it, please. And will each Companion try to think well over the business and see if it is possible for him or her to help this year, in fresh or old ways. And perhaps some who have not helped at all may find means of doing so.

We just want every bit of love and enthusiasm for our work that we can muster, remember.

Some Good Wishes for All, and Gifts for our "V.F."

"I wish you a bright and successful New Year for yourself and the Corner. I am enclosing a P.O. for 5s., which is the profit on a drawn-thread work traycloth I sold to a friend," writes WINNIE WOOD (London). "How are our three protégés? Fancy David now earning his living! Time seems to have flown so quickly. . . . We are all busy knitting scarves for the soldiers. My little brother has finished two very nicely."

With a gift of 3s. 6d. from KATHIE and herself, MARJORIE HEARD (London) sent an interesting letter, mostly about her brother, who had been at the Front and was wounded—a wrist being broken—not while in the trenches, but while resting in a house that the enemy shelled. We all hope he is better, Marjorie.

"I told you in my last letter that I was making some scrap-books," wrote ALLIE WELSH (Australia). "I made two, and they were all ready for mother to take into town, but when she got in she found they would cost so much to send that she said it would not be worth while, because to do so would cost more than the whole albums did. I have been saving up all the odd money that was given me in a little money box, and as I have now got 2s. 6d. I am sending it for the Fund. Last quarter I went to a new school, the — Grammar School, and I like it very much. I am learning Latin, algebra, geometry. I like the last best of all. It is frightfully hot

The Right Kind Of a Boy



—the son of a mother or daddy who insists on the right kind of food to back up the natural energy of youth.

Ordinary food often lacks the elements that promote the sturdy growth and upkeep of the human body.

Food that will furnish the organic elements needed—iron for the blood, phosphate of potash for brain and nerves, lime for the bones, and the other natural salts of the field grains that build stout bodies and keen brains—is a necessity.

All these body-building elements are found in

Grape=Nuts

Made from choice whole wheat and malted barley, it is scientifically prepared for easy digestion and quick absorption by the life forces.

The crisp, golden granules have a delicate sweet taste, are ready to eat direct from package with cream or milk—a perfectly balanced food for both children and grown-ups.

No wonder Grape-Nuts has become famous the world over—

“There’s a Reason.”

THE QUIVER



It is important for you to know that Benger's is not a pre-digested food, and it does not contain dried milk nor malt nor chemical food substance.

It is a natural cereal food combined with natural digestive principles. It is prepared with fresh new milk, with which it combines to form a delicious food cream, assimilable to the most weakly digestion, and safe to give under almost all conditions.

BENGER'S Food

is for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, and for all whose digestive powers have become weakened.

Post free: to all who have the care of Infants and Invalids, a 48-page Booklet — "Benger's Food and How to Use It."

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With every Carpet
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RE WAR—NO HINDRANCE—All orders dispatched same day in rotation as they arrive by post.
GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.
THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "The Quiver," Mar., 1915. On receipt of P.O. 5/6 "PRUDENTIAL" REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA

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Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months.

Suitable for Drawing-rooms, Dining-rooms, Bedrooms, &c., handsomely bordered in 30 different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colouring, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets with

FREE RUGS

thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

A FEW REMARKABLE TESTIMONIALS

from our numerous patrons (originals may be seen)

Ivy Cottage, Litcham, Norfolk.

March 6, 1914.

Mrs. W. Foulham writes:

"Send me one of your Brussels Carpets."

We have now the Carpet which we had from you nineteen years ago, and now it is not worn out."

5 North Avenue, Garden Village, Levenshulme. 11 5/4.

Mr. L. W. Stanton writes—

"Send me one of your Brussels Carpets."

5/6 amount enclosed. I was interested to see that one of your

customers stated she had a carpet from you 19 years ago that was not worn out. You can also state that I have one in my bedroom one in fairly good condition, which I bought at your place well over 20 years ago."

POST FREE

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen, and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if, when writing, you mention "The Quiver," March, 1915.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. Q.V.), Manufacturers, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.
Importers & Merchants.

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

here, and has been so full all this summer. Mother and father have gone up the mountains for the weekend. . . . I have been knitting mittens for the soldiers, and we have had a school concert and made ten pounds; and we have a collection every week for the soldiers, and we all put a penny in, and it amounts to a good deal.—With much love from your loving Companion."

ENID and IDA JONES sent me 15s. as the result of their S.E.D., and their usual quarterly 5s.—a splendid lift up for us! They had filled up two collecting cards, each little square with a 3d.—a most excellent result.

MARY—or MOLLY for short—WEBB-WILLIAMS, our eight-year-old little Companion in Anglesey, sent me a happy letter, with a sixpence for the Fund and an order for a Badge; and her mother wrote a kind covering letter.

Mrs. James Walker (Aberdeenshire) wrote for her small son ROBERT, asking for a Badge, and enclosing a shilling from him for our Fund. ADAH POLLARD-URQUHART (Perthshire) was another Scottish correspondent.

"I enclose a P.O. for 2s. 6d.," she said. "Please may it go to Lena? I made 1s. 6d. by my magazine" (can I see it, please, Adah?), "and 3d. I got in a birthday cake. I think the money will be needed more than ever this year, and I wish I could have sent more."

From ISABEL YOUNG (Worcestershire) came kind greetings and good wishes, and 5s. in her collecting book.

"I am so glad that David is now able to earn his own living," says Isabel. "He does look a fine strong boy, and it must make every Companion feel proud to think that he or she has done a little to give a start in life to someone who looks so deserving as David does. . . . Wishing our Corner the greatest of prosperity in the coming year—"

Flower Money Again

"I am sending a little Christmas gift of 8s. for our Fund," begins this letter from another Isabel—ISABEL DOBSON (Lancashire). "I have made 5s. 10d. of it by selling flowers since September. One shilling is part of a prize I got for a competition paper on 'Lorna Doone,' 11d. is 'boot money,' and 3d. is what I had saved by giving up the magazine which mother used to buy for me. . . . I hope to start selling flowers again in spring, but there aren't any more in the garden now. I sold the last chrysanthemums on the 5th of December. Do you like cels, Alison? I have one, and I am so fond of her. I think she is nearly eleven years old, but she is as frisky as a kitten sometimes. When she has been outside and wants to come in again she rattles the door latch, and when you open the door to let her in she always makes a little noise which sounds just like 'Thank you.'—With best wishes for a bright and prosperous year."

EDITH PENN'S (Somersetshire) book came in with another 2s.

"What lovely news this month's QUIVER contained!" she wrote. "When I told father he was quite interested, and wanted to know what work

David was doing. Thank you so much for your letter."

From the West Country also came a gift and a long interesting letter from DOROTHY POWELL (South Wales).

"Was it not good news in the Christmas Corner about David?" Dorothy remarks. "As you said, of course we must not slacken our efforts although we have one less to provide for. But it has just fitted in, because, with all our eagerness, money is hard to get. By the way, I am enclosing P.O. for 3s. The extra to my ordinary subscriptions is my Christmas pudding luck. I notice that one of our Companions says she has been knitting for the soldiers and sailors, and wonders whether any others of us are. At school we are all doing something. I have done two helmets and pairs of bed socks. It is ever so interesting, and you feel you are really doing some good if you sacrifice your own time for needlework. No fancy work has been done at school this term."

With 3s. 4½d. inside, came a kind letter from DORA STEWART (London):

"This is just a short note to wish a very happy and prosperous year both for yourself and our Corner. I am able to send 1s. 4½d. extra this time; the shilling I earned by crochet, 3½d. I collected in farthings, and the 1d. was given me. I am going to save all the farthings I get, and one of my friends is going to save them for me too."

Writing from Jamaica, INEZ AGUILAR said:

"It was quite a pleasant surprise to receive your letter, as it seemed ages since I heard from you; and just at this time letters from England are even more acceptable than usual. For although we get news daily, and also see several English illustrated papers, still we all like to hear how our own friends are faring through this terrible and anxious time. I am so glad that you have had good news of 'Our Four.' When will we add another to the number? Will this awful war prevent us doing so just now? I hope not. I should think help is needed more than ever—so many poor little children are fatherless. The people on this side are doing all in their power to help. So far, over £17,000 has been collected; then there is the Cigar Fund, and that has reached over £124. The first, and I believe the second, consignment of oranges and grape fruits have been shipped. All this is just a drop in the bucket; but still, every little helps, and we are proud to do something for our brave soldiers and sailors." (GWEN AGUILAR and ELSIE LEWIS were busy preparing for the Junior Cambridge, and INEZ hoped they would write during the holidays.) "You will find enclosed a P.O. for 2s.: please accept it"—continued Inez—"with love and all good wishes for a peaceful and as joyous a season as can be spent."

IVY SLESSER (New Zealand) sent her subscription for two quarters, and a promise of a long letter soon. And ELIZABETH MARSHALL (Perthshire) added another gift.

YVONNE MARTIN (Kent) and ELEANOR CHAMBERS-HUNTER (Aberdeenshire) sent gifts and notes of goodwill.

Two letters that gave me especial pleasure were—one from Mrs. McCash, with a gift from herself and CHARLIE, and with "all good wishes"; and the following:

THE QUIVER

A Letter from another "Violet"

"DEAR ALISON,—I am enclosing 2s. 6d. for your Violet Fund, as I see you are short. I am not one of your Companions, but always feel much interested in these pages. It is a splendid work your boys and girls are doing, and the response on Special Effort Day was, I think, very good in spite of the many calls. How nice to feel you have given David a good start, and that the others are well and happy. I am specially interested in little Violet, as it happens it is my name also.—With every good wish to your boys and girls for their plans in 1915, I remain, A Very Sincere Friend."

KATHLEEN COLLYER'S (Canada) clear handwriting is on the next envelope I handle. It contains 14s.

"Thank you for your lovely letter, book, and the photo. We were so glad to get them. . . . We feel so sorry about this terrible war. I do hope it will soon end. We have two cousins in England with the Canadian troops, and a lot of daddy's cousins are soldiers in England. . . . Baby walks and talks now. She calls Arnulf 'the Boy,' and I am 'Kackie,' the others by their own names. It is nice to think of Our Four, and how nicely they are getting on. I enclose 8s. 5d. from us both, £2 of which we made on Special Effort Day. Most of it is made by selling flowers—some is given. Neither of us have tried the Christmas competitions. I started to dress a doll, but I have so little spare time that I did not succeed in doing very much.—With kind regards from mother and daddy, with love from myself."

A number of my fancied "Lost, Stolen, or Strayed" members have recently written again—to my delight. ETHEL and DORIS LAMB (Worcestershire) were two of these.

"Although I have not written for such a long time, I have often thought of you. I do hope Lena, Violet, David, and Philip will have a bright and prosperous New Year," says DORIS. "I have a cousin who is at the front," wrote ETHEL. "He says it is very cold."

Doris and Ethel returned their collecting book with 4s. 3d. on it! And they sent loving greetings to all.

EFFIE FORBES (Aberdeenshire) was another who gave me pleasure after a long silence.

"We will ask you to forgive us once more. What a sad time this is. It is terrible to read about it all, and how cruelly the poor Belgian women and children have suffered. . . . Mary is getting on splendidly at school. She has been knitting mittens and wrist cuffs for the soldiers. She is really a wonderful knitter for her age. She takes a great pride in showing her "Alice in Wonderland" to her friends. I am sending you our contributions for this year.—Wishing you all good luck, I am, your loving Companion."

CATHIE and JENNY GARDNER (Fifeshire) also wrote after a long interval.

"You will think I have forgotten you," CATHIE begins, "but I have had two or three exams. since I wrote last."

The record shows that Cathie did excellently, and she won a bursary for the — Academy, and is working hard there now.

Happy holidays in Wigtown and matters touching the war are what Cathie's interesting letter is about. And Jenny's also is interesting. She tells me:

"The teacher at school was collecting for the Princess Mary Fund, and as I had to give something to that as well as other things, I have not much left, but I send you 1s. for our Fund."

Cathie, too, enclosed a gift, as you will see from the list.

From Macduff, too, came pleasure for me in the shape of a letter from GLADYS WEST. She tells how a large party of them were away at Aviemore when the war began, and their holiday was suddenly stopped. The war has hurt the industry of their part of the coast very gravely.

HERIOT HUGHES, MARION WEBB, GIRLIE BUDD (she sent a scrap-book for a London child; Girlie is helping with the wounded at an auxiliary hospital), ERICA WELSH (Australia), AGNES HUSBAND, JESSIE H. ANDERSON, WINNIE ADAMS, JOAN HARDY, PHYLLIS BRISSENDEN, MARGARET DAVIDSON, MARIAN HARDY, MADGE WILLIAMS, DORIS FERRETT (Australia), ENID JONES, KATHLEEN BURGESS, O. GRESHAM, KATE and ETHEL EDWARDS, LUCK KIRKLEY, MARGARET HARDING, and others have written letters which lack of space alone prevents me quoting. To you all my best thanks, as well as to the large number who so kindly sent me cards, calendars, and Christmas and New Year greeting. I am only sorry personal private thanks to each is impossible. Every sign of thought and love was appreciated none the less, believe me.

In a Dutch Church— Christening Thirty-eight Babies

Here is part of a long and entertaining letter ELSIE HIBBERD (London) generously wrote to me:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I truly wish the Corner every success, and I will now commence again and try and keep up the usual correspondence, which I have in the last months let fly owing to other things. However, I thank you, dear Alison, for all the loving words you write to us month by month, in our Pages; they never cease to be a help and comfort, and sometimes, when one is just at the point of turning back from all resolutions made for the benefit of others, those kindly words you write, together with the 'Beside the Still Waters,' have been often the spurring on with a fresh hope and new life. Each month when I have THE QUIVER I take our Pages first, and then come the 'Beside the Still Waters'; have you yourself noticed how well those pieces fit in with our Corner? I was glad to see the picture of David in the book; he looks a fine lad, and I, with others, wish him every success, if you will convey these to him when sending again your own wishes.

THE QUIVER



THE ECONOMY OF ECKFORD'S SEEDS

THE circumstances of this present year emphasise a point which has been well established in the many years during which Eckford's Seeds have been

bought and sown: namely, their **ECONOMY**.

We have every confidence in claiming that Eckford's Seeds represent the **truest economy in gardening**, and that

should form a powerful addition to the many sound reasons why Eckford's Seeds should be preferred by gardeners who wish to secure the

maximum result with a minimum expenditure.

What is the object of the gardener in sowing seeds? Certainly not to fill his flower-borders and vegetable plots with stunted plants, weedy growths, and weaklings; he does not aim at "bare patches."

No, his great hope is for an abundance of glorious bloom produced on strong, healthy plants and a "record" crop of best vegetables, and to secure these there is no question that "quality" of seed counts first, You may pay more for seeds, but you cannot obtain better.

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24 Varieties. A splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting. 50 seeds of each. Price 5/6, Post Free for Cash.

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BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

It brings all the morbid matter to the surface, and heals from underneath not closing up to break out again. For that reason it is **THE** remedy for Varicose Ulcers. Of all Chemists from 74d., 1s. 11d., etc. Advice gratis on describing case to the Proprietor, **E. BURGESS, 59 Gray's Inn Road, London.**

Send 1d. stamp for sample. Colonies, 2d.

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Doctors recommend it everywhere.

Dr. Ridge's Food

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Of all Chemists.

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The Adapta.



(Patented.)

Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed or inclined. Extends over bed, couch, or chair, and is an ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. To change from a flat table to an inclined reading stand, simply press the push button at the top of standard. It cannot overbalance. Comprises Bed-Table, Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing

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if neglected will soon lose its fresh and dainty appearance, but if BEETHAMS LA-ROLA is regularly applied, the skin gradually becomes impervious to any injury from weather and temperature extremes.

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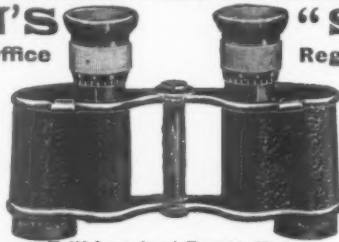
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THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Last night we had at our Literary Society a lantern lecture on Holland. It was extremely interesting; especially so to me, as I have been there and could recall the happy times as I watched the pictures of the places I knew so well. I saw a church, which made me remember a certain Sunday, when on seeing a considerable number of carriages outside the church, I, being rather inquisitive, thought I would get away inside and see what was going on, thinking that most likely I would be witness to a wedding; but to my surprise, after an hour's sermon and singing, etc., 38 babies were brought to be christened, each having his or her name pinned on the front of its frock."

New Competitions for You

Unhappily, I could not award any prizes in the Christmas Letter Competition, as so few letters were received. Most of you were too busy, I suppose, to write to our children.

Will Juniors (under 14 years) look out for me in their New Testaments as many texts as they can find on "Peace"? The verses, with book, chapter, and verse given clearly, are to be written out and arranged carefully. Put your favourite of all first—and tell me *why* you like it best. I shall consider the neatness and niceness of the writing and arrangement when deciding on the prize-winners.

I am keenly interested in knowing what my boy and girl friends are doing to help our nation at this time. Many of us feel we can do so little. Perhaps we can help each other in various ways by saying *how* we are trying to serve. This is the thought

which makes me suggest the Seniors' Competition—not any wish to encourage bragging or conceit. Will you ALL write me "How I am Trying to Serve" letters of not more than 500 words? Please note that I do not want LISTS of socks and vests that have been knitted, but an outline of all kinds of help—your own thought, attitude, and influence, as well as practical effort.

I wish each Competitor to give a pen-name, for use in the magazine. The letters will have a certain intimacy, and any printed will be under cover of the pseudonyms, so natural shyness will not be outraged. We are "out" to help each other by suggestion and encouragement, remember. All letters must, of course, have the writer's own name, age, and address on for my information.

(By the way, will Companions always put their surnames on letters? When Christian names only are given considerable trouble is sometimes caused, especially in the case of letters containing money.)

All these Competition entries must reach me by March 31st—except those from abroad. Foreign members have the usual month extra.

Now believe me, with thanks to all for your help in various ways, your very affectionate Companion,

Phoin.

"THE QUIVER" COMPANIONSHIP FUNDS

The following is our account from October 1st to December 31st, 1914:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.			
Brought forward	1	10	3	Edith Penn	0	2	0		
Dora Stewart	0	3	Mrs. McCash and Charlie	0	10	0		
Kate and Ethel Edwards	0	5	0	Elsie Hibberd	0	1	0	
Eunice Taylor (New Zealand)	..	0	2	6	Jenny and Cathie Gardner	0	2	0	
Edith Jones (Canada)	0	1	5	Doris and Ethel Lamb (C.B.)	0	4	3
Arthur L. Goldschmidt (Cape Colony)	..	0	2	0	"Sincere Friend"	0	2	6
Enid and Ida Jones	0	5	0	Adah Pollard-Uquhart	0	2	6
Lucy Kirkley	0	2	6	Yvonne Thorpe Martin	0	1	1
Eric King-Turner	0	1	0	Isabel Dobson	0	8	0
Kate Geddes (S.E.D.)	0	2	6	Isabel Young (C.B.)	0	5	0
Enid Linard (Grenada)	0	1	0	Ivy M. Slesser (New Zealand)	0	2	0
Mabel Arnutt	0	1	0	Elizabeth Marshall	0	0	3
Agnes Hawke (New Zealand)	..	0	2	6	Dorothy Powell	0	3	0
Edith Clark	0	1	0	Enid and Ida Jones	1	0	0
Mildred Lopp (Jamaica)	0	4	6	Robert Walker	0	1	0
Lucy Kirkley (S.E.D.)	0	2	6	Ailie Welsh (Australia)	0	2	6
Irene King-Turner	0	1	0	Mary Webb Williams	0	0	6
Edith M. Smith	0	0	6	Marjorie Heard	0	3	6
Annie Ballingall	0	1	0	Alison	2	0	0
Eileen Nelson (Australia)	0	7	6						
Elizabeth Marshall	0	0	6						
Kathleen and Dorothy Collyer (Canada)										
(S.E.D. 82)	0	14	0						
Eleanor Chambers-Hunter (S.E.D. extra)	..	0	1	0						
Effie, Jean, and Mary Forbes	0	3	0						

Philip's expenses, May to Nov., 1914	£10	13	9
Balance	10	10
	£20	3	9

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

The Upward Trend

IT is not for the ordinary mortal to criticise the hymns that are sung in the sanctuary; it is enough for him to lay out his heart on whatever is good and helpful in them; yet, as a dream will come through the multitude of business, a vague wonder as to the correctness of some statements will steal over us at times. There is the favourite line, for instance, "Change and decay in all around I see." Happily for his peace of mind—one never knows his mercies!—no reader of this page is ever likely to have heard me sing; but if anyone were near me when I joined with others in chanting this line, he could hardly fail to remark that while I laid all due emphasis on the "Change," I only whispered, as it were, "and decay."

Change and Decay

For I have some misgivings about that word, though I would not for the world even hint it to the good man in the pulpit. For it seems to me—I say it with humility—to be generalising too much from some undoubted facts. It is all right if we are thinking of autumn and the fruits of the field, and of poor little man's mortal lot at the last; but is it true, exactly true, about the general trend of the world? It is here where I have my gentle misgiving. So far as I have read history or taken a cursory view of events and people in my own time, it is not change and decay in all around I see, but change and decided progress.

I fancy the world, as a whole, is advancing, and that every generation is mounting a step higher. It may be in a spiral fashion, and the ascent may often seem to bring us back to where we were before; all the same, there is an upward movement, things are better than they were. I know it would take quite a drenching of history to prove this, with a wide sweep of the eye from China to Peru; but as to many this would be most prosaic reading, I shall not attempt it; the mere suggestion, I trust, will do its work. But take a case or two, *very* widely different, which may suffice.

At the beginning of this year I had the honour of opening the joyous proceedings of a cluster of 1,300 Ragged School Children in the Guildhall, to get a right good tuck-in, with lots of Christmas pudding and Christmas presents, and to witness entertainments by smart Boy Scouts and a bevy of pretty girls dressed up as Britannia, Belgium, France, and all our other brave allies; the whole cost of the sumptuous treat being defrayed from far-off lands, principally Victoria, British Columbia, as on many such an occasion before.

Change for the Better

What struck me most, however, was the change for the better which had come over these poor wee waifs from Hoxton, Bermondsey and Whitechapel. It was my good fortune to assist at most of the earliest entertainments of the sort given to children in the historic Guildhall some twenty years ago, when it was most difficult to preserve anything like order among the small street urchins and girls. Now, however, they are as good as gold; the mere lifting of a hand is sufficient to ensure perfect stillness, no matter how much their animal spirits had been seeking outlet; and how well they seemed to "know the ropes," standing at attention while the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, the awesome Mace Bearer, the gorgeous City Marshal, and all the rest of the most notable retinue made the tour, with solemn step and slow, round the guests! Everything was delightful and just as it should have been. Here was change, but the opposite of decay, and for it we are largely indebted to the quiet work of the Council Schools.

The other ascent is, as I have hinted, *very* different. It is marked in a letter I have received in my monthly budget, from a lady joining the Crutch-and-Kindness League. With charming bluntness she begins by saying, "I am an old, crabby, resident governess!" I have not the honour of knowing the lady myself, and I take good care that no reader shall have ground for



Mr. SMOKER

Apart from the actual detriment to one's teeth, stale tobacco, as you know, gives a most unpleasant taint to the breath, equally objectionable to oneself and friends. Ordinary tooth powder cannot help you much—T.M. Smoker's Powder can.

T.M. Smoker's Tooth Powder

It is **not** ordinary Tooth Powder. It is the only Powder that absolutely removes at once all trace of nicotine, smell, and taste: cleans the teeth perfectly, leaving them beautifully smooth. There is no grit to injure the enamel. It is a strong antiseptic which removes from the mouth the "bite" so often felt by smokers. Instead there is that clean, healthy taste that has made T.M. so popular with both ladies and gentlemen.

The Best Tooth Powder for All Purposes.

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ZEPTO Antiseptic Tartar Pencils get into the chinks where a tooth brush rarely gets. They remove the dark Tartar and Tobacco Stains at once and make white, glistening teeth. Last many months.

Cost but 6d. each.

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CARPET SOAP

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THE QUIVER



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BIRD'S Custard.

Who does not rejoice when the Rhubarb comes in? The way it re-awakens the appetite proves that the system needs the healthful Rhubarb, yet to make it really delicious and agreeable you must serve it with

Bird's the *Nutritious Custard*

Notice how it takes the "edge" away from the Rhubarb flavor, and how prettily it mingles with the juice, making the dish almost irresistibly tempting.

See how the children enjoy their BIRD'S Custard and Rhubarb.— *It does them good!*

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morning and evening (made with milk) and it will have sound teeth
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Nearly 100 Years' Reputation.

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(Dept. Q) KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., Ltd., London.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

guessing; but this description quite caught me, followed, as it is, with some very loving words and deeds concerning poor children. What pleased me was to see the upward trend in the modern woman's sense of humour, her fine mingling of the grave with the gay. In itself, it was like the taking of another trench—not a great advance, yet progress. The woman of to-day still takes things seriously, but more, I think, than in all past times does she accomplish her noble mission by not taking herself too seriously. She can make game of herself with a smile, and lo! it proves to be a key which opens the hearts of others, and before the doors of the hearts can be closed again she has rolled in some sweet truth or argument which is welcomed to stay. I regard this as a small, yet very clear proof of advance. For bigger and fuller confirmation one has only to point to what women are doing to-day in all the nations that are at war.

Loving Care for Little Cripples

But here someone may fairly ask: "What has all this got to do with the Crutch-and-Kindness League"? A little, I hope, but not much; and I shelter myself behind the old preacher who often wandered from the text, but always to the heart. There are so many things I meant to point out of the loving care of poor children which has been growing in all lands, and the kindly way in which the maternal instinct that is in every woman has brought about the new-found skill in dealing with the little ones; but just as many a bright invention has been lost for want of funds, all the wise things I had meant to say at the start must now pass for want of space!

Only this would I take for a jumping-board—that as ours is emphatically the Day of the Child, and as the world has manifestly awakened to the fact, what about the children who are weakest and poorest—the little cripples? Poor things, their very suffering is one of their chief drawbacks; they cannot obtrude themselves on the masses, nor put themselves in evidence before even kind souls who are willing to help; for the most part these children have to be as caged birds, known only to those who reside near them. It is over such as these the Crutch-and-Kindness League broods. In London alone there are

more than twelve thousand of them under the loving oversight of the Ragged School Union; and what the League aims at is to raise up in some part of the world a friend for each of these small cripples—a friend who shall write him or her a letter once a month. This comes within the range of everyone, wherever living, or of whatever age or circumstances, and anyone desiring further particulars about the League may have it for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, J.P., Director, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss Mabel Allen, Sealand, near Chester; Miss Elsie M. G. Anderson, Harrow, W.; Mrs. R. Anderson, Selkirk, Scotland.

Miss Mabel Bacon, Churchdown, Gloucester; Edward and Alfred Beaver, Whippingham, Isle of Wight; Miss Edna Black, Putney, S.W.; Mrs. Bradley, Clackmannon, Scotland; Miss Magda Brown, Langside, Glasgow; Miss Mary Brown, West Norwood.

Misses Olive E. F. and Ruth Clark, Margate; Miss Margaret Cockburn, Goodmayes, Essex; Mrs. Coe, Norwich; Miss E. Cole, Halesworth; Miss Martha Cooke, Virginia, U.S.A.

Miss Margaret Dobson, Kensington, W.; Miss Hermione Dugdale, Thundridge, Herts.

Mrs. Evans, Sunderland.

Miss Carrie Fairs, Bridge-of-Weir, Renfrew, N.B.; Misses Dorothy, Nancie, and Gordon Fidler, Wetheral, Isle of Wight; Miss Lena Fitzpatrick, Ennis, Ireland.

Miss Agnes Gibson, Cathcart, near Glasgow.

Miss Harris, Munford, Norfolk.

Miss Rosa Jessop, Nether Edge, Sheffield.

Miss Dorothy Lillicrap, Plymouth.

Mrs. and Miss Winifred Macarthy, Burnham, Somerset; Miss Eadie Mackay, Glasgow; Misses Grace E. and L. J. Masters, Tunbridge Wells; Miss Phyllis Moore, Langside, Glasgow; Master Morgan, Market Drayton, Salop.

Mr. M. J. Perrett, Bitton, near Bristol; Mrs. H. A. and Miss Violet Pratt, Crowhurst, Sussex.

Miss Mabel Ritchie, Crosshill, Glasgow; Miss L. Roodhouse, Gomersal, Yorks.

Miss Alice M. Shayler, Woodstock, Oxon; Miss Margaret Speirs, Newlands, Glasgow; Miss J. Stephenson, Haltwhistle, Northumberland; Miss Jane Stewart, Crosshill, Glasgow; Miss Christine M. Strachan, Penzance; Miss Kathleen M. Stranger, Oundle, Northants.

Miss Jessie Thirtle, Stratford; Miss Dorothy Thomson, Shettleston, Glasgow; Miss Blanche E. Turvey, Kensington, W.

Miss Ethel M. Webster, West Norwood; Miss Eva West, Cricklade.

Miss Ethel L. R. Young, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Miss Marillier, per Miss MacColl, Durban, S. Africa.

Miss Lylie Pay, Miss Ella McCulloch, Miss Isabel Ashcroft, and Miss Irene Avard, per Miss Simpson, Victoria, Australia.

SAFE SHELTER FROM THE STORM

By

AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

The long winter is drawing to its close. Soon the spring will be upon us, but we are not past the time of the storm. This article tells about some shelters from the storm—not all on the coast.

THOSE who ramble about our cities, not only along the highways, but off the beaten tracks, come up against a grievous fact. They find that, in a land renowned for happy homes, there are men and women, boys and girls, and infants in arms who have nothing worth calling "home." Mere human drift are they, sheltered in rooms hired at 1s. a night. There are respectable orphan children with no prospect of a roof to cover them other than that of the workhouse. And along the extensive coast-lines of our islands, brave fishermen and mine-sweepers are risking their lives on storm-tossed seas, homeless so that they may provide fish for others, and guard the homes of their fellow-countrymen.

Tender-hearted men and women with the power to help long ago set about doing what they could to provide as homely shelters as possible for just such as these. In thinking of their efforts a sentence of Michael Fairless recurs to mind: "To have hope is to call down Blessing, and to have Love is to work miracles."

Shelter for Orphans

Surely love has worked a miracle since, some 150 years ago, twenty orphan boys and twenty orphan girls were gathered into a house at Hoxton, there to be educated and trained for self-dependence. The home soon overflowed, and the inmates were transferred to a house in the City Road. After some seventy years, they were moved to much bigger premises, the substantial institution on Haverstock Hill, now known as the Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage, which every Londoner should visit some time or other to discover what a modern orphan home is like.

More than once it has been enlarged, and

now accommodates some 320 boys and 140 girls, all fatherless or with disabled fathers. The school is not an industrial one, but a home where orphans of skilled workmen, clerks, small tradesmen, industrious men whose families ought not to drift to the workhouse, are maintained and educated to begin life at fifteen. They get plain and ample food, and proper rest and exercise. A visitor is sure to be interested in the big dormitories and playgrounds, the central heating, the up-to-date kitchens, and the lovely chapel with its stained-glass windows. Small wonder the traditions of the school have a beneficial influence on the scholars.

At Margate there is a convalescent home where the babies remain until brought to the junior branch at Haverstock Hill. This junior branch with its fifty little boys and girls under eight, all bright and healthy as English children should be, is altogether a happy place for work and play. Last Christmas twenty-four little people had won prizes. Two girls and a boy recited charmingly, and the letters written unaided by the three best would have put many a lad of twelve to the blush. In one of the corridors, dancing attendance on a staff maid, was a wonderful baby of 2½ years, with rosy fat cheeks and confiding ways that spoke volumes for *her* happy home. Her father was a porter at Windsor, and little Ena owns for godparents Prince and Princess Christian. With glee she showed her best boots, her cot with basket at the foot for her little nightie, folded by herself. The dear mite won a prize for usefulness.

Serving at the Front

At least eighty old boys are known to be serving in the war; and it is pleasing to hear that on the outbreak of hostilities the governors decided to take into the orphanage

CHARITABLE APPEALS

The Editor of "The Quiver" will receive and acknowledge any Donations or Subscriptions for the undermentioned Charities that are forwarded to him, addressed La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

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THE WAR

has led to abnormal demands on our resources, and we continue to receive a number of children left without proper guardianship. We believe that our friends will approve our action, and send us Special Donations to meet increasing expenditure. Gifts of Clothing are always welcome.

Remittances should be addressed to the Rev. W. Hodson Smith, 104-122 City Road, London, E.C., and crossed "London City and Midland Bank."

The Church Army

RECREATION HUTS

for Field Camps, manned by keen and obliging Evangelists.
Cost £250 for 70 x 25 (lined).
Cost of Week's Working £2.

RECREATION ROOMS

for lonely sailors' and soldiers' wives in garrison centres.
Cost £100 equipped for six months. News and welcome by cheery Sister. Week's cost £2.

Tents blown down. 100 more Huts urgently needed.

Our Hospital in North France is crowded.

Cheques crossed 'Barclays', to 'Prebendary Carlile, Headquarters, Bryansdon Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

THE WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY

is saving

The Nation's Helpless Children

Will you help
by some self-denial this
Lent?

4,600 little ones now in the 117 Homes.
Gifts will be gratefully received by
Prebendary Rudolf, Old Town Hall,
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Our Family of nearly 500 Children

depends day by day upon the voluntary contributions of the charitable. For 157 years the Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W., has been engaged in training destitute fatherless children to become useful, self-supporting men and women. During all its long history the work has been most successful, but it is now restricted by lack of funds. Will you help by sending a contribution to-day to the Secretary, Alexander Grant, 73 Cheapside, London, E.C.

"I know your duty will be nobly done."

THE KING, August 6, 1914.

THE King's message to his troops has been abundantly fulfilled. But there are others also who do their duty nobly. The

Colonial and Continental Church Society

has Chaplains at Brussels, Lille, Croix, Dunkirk, Calais, Compiègne, Rouen, Paris, &c. Some of them are in danger of their lives; "all are nobly doing their duty," in ministering to the poorer British, the soldiers, and the wounded.

Owing to the War the Society has suffered SEVERE FINANCIAL LOSSES, and is now heavily in debt.

SUPPORT IS URGENTLY NEEDED,

not only for the Chaplains on the Continent, but for the Society's Agents in CANADA, AUSTRALIA, and EAST AFRICA, whose sons are nobly doing their duty for the Empire.

Contributions to be sent to the SECRETARY,
THE REV. J. D. MULLINS,
9 SERJEANTS' INN, FLEET STREET, E.C.

SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY AND RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

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Vice-Presidents: The ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and of YORK,
the BISHOP OF LONDON, and others.

THE SOCIETY has served the cause of London's Poorest children during 70 years.

THE WAR has not lessened the need of food, clothing, convalescent and surgical treatment, moral and religious training—which this Society is so well organised and ready to supply.

Please help to maintain this work by sending A GENEROUS GIFT to

The Director: Sir JOHN KIRK, J.P.,
32 John Street, Theobalds Road, W.C.

Cheques or Postal Orders should be crossed "Barclay & Co., Ltd."
70th Annual Report (6d.) sent on application.

SAFE SHELTER FROM THE STORM

twenty children of non-commissioned officers who might fall, also every child accepted as a candidate for the next election without the usual election.

The old boys, it appears, love to return to the orphanage and point out to their children "Daddy's bed" in the old dormitory. Mothers of the orphans send very grateful letters for the care bestowed on the children. One of them writes, "I would like to express my gratitude for all that has been done for my boy, the years of care and teaching he has received, and I sincerely trust that the lad himself will never forget the debt he owes the school matron and master, and, if possible, in the future help the funds." And they do not forget; many afterwards become subscribers and helpers.

To aid so deserving an institution by a Lent thank-offering seems peculiarly appropriate, especially when, considering the duty resting upon the nation to preserve its boy children, many of them are orphans of fathers with names "on the roll of honour."

Storms in a London Parish

A big London parish with only one maid-servant, and she lives at the doctor's. These words conjure up a vision of dull, dirty streets, and the brave efforts of the Rev. Frank Swainson of St. Barnabas Vicarage, Caledonian Road, N., and his helpers, to make decent homes in as wretched a district of London as one can find away from the East End. Miserable stunted children playing in short streets of low houses with curtailless, often broken, windows are "below the railway arch," and streets with some claim to respectability above it; but the majority

of the inhabitants just hang on to life, living from hand to mouth and struggling to turn an honest penny. What they would do without the two mission halls in charge of one of those hero-workers of the London City Mission, without Mr. Swainson's Bible Class with its thousand members, without the Bands of Hope, Sunday services, Sunday Schools, mother's meetings, dispensaries and convalescent home at Broadstairs, it would be hard to say. At a pinch, the church, working in conjunction with the mission, helps many a distressed family that is being submerged. In the street where the Queensland Mission Hall is located there are small

houses where 200 families rent a furnished (!) room apiece at 1s. a night, the money earned at some casual job at a coal depot, railway works, street sweeping or what not. Under such conditions the Mission Hall is the nearest ap-



A Rough Sea.

Photo: E. Dany.

proach to "home" that can be found.

In that very street since the war broke out the missionary has persuaded seventeen couples to marry after the man had enlisted. For three or four families to sleep in one room is nothing uncommon; yet even here two dozen reclaimed men and women have entered on the work of helping others still lost to self-respect and decency.

Some twelve months ago the missionary became interested in a family whose home was naught but one of the "furnished rooms." Temporary help was given, and a few articles of furniture were provided for a more permanent abode; the couple were confirmed at the church. The husband has now enlisted and gone to the front.

Here is another case where a helping hand

THE QUIVER

was extended in the hour of need. A man with a wife and family of five children had been long out of work, and at last got a job hut-building at Aldershot. He was there a fortnight, took a chill, returned home, and at five o'clock next morning exclaimed to his wife: "Oh, wife, whatever will you do with all those children?" And in three minutes he was dead.

Girls and boys from the Sunday School are fitted out and started in first places, or sent to training-homes. Rescue and preventive work is another necessary effort to which one lady visitor devotes her time. Women workers are specially wanted, for it seems the most effectual way to reach these poor folk is by house-to-house visitation; many women have tried it and have gone away broken-hearted with the tales of woe and smallness of their own purses. Men workers are just now fewer in number through the war; while it is evident the resources of the parish are being severely taxed to meet increasing destitution.

Storms on the Coast

Tussling for life in a different way, but none the less in need of homes of refuge on shore and the mission ship on the deep sea are the fishermen who daringly sweep up the enemy's mines, and whose women folk have more cause than ever to call "caller herrin'" "lives o' men." Who has not thought of their courage this winter and breathed a prayer for their safety when the blast howled down the chimney and rain lashed the windows?

The Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen has done fine work in succouring materially and spiritually mine-sweepers and fishermen, helping those whose work was stopped, and comforting the wives and children of men who lost their lives mine-sweeping or were taken prisoners by the Germans. The shore institutes at Gorleston, Hull, Grimsby, North Shields, Aberdeen, Folkestone, Brixham, Newlyn, Padstow, Milford Haven, Fleetwood, and Lerwick have had busy and trying times.

Not only fishermen but Jack Tars and soldiers have been welcomed at the institutes, and have shared gifts of body-belts, mittens and socks. Fishermen transferred from east to west have been glad to occupy beds in the institutes, attend the religious services and lantern lectures, write letters, and receive medical and surgical treatment, as well as profitable literature.

At Gorleston Jack Tars from the destroyers and mine-sweepers have revelled in an extemporised bathroom. At Grimsby widows and orphans of fishermen have received a touching gift of black material from the fisherwomen of Brixham, "as a token of their thankfulness to God for having so far kept their men safe"—little Brixham, which up to December had sent 600 men to the war!

At Milford Haven and Padstow, Belgian refugee fishermen and their families received all kinds of help. Milford Haven Institute, indeed, instead of closing as it had contemplated doing, during December was used by some 10,080 men. To the institutes come letters from the fisher lads thanking God for the bright and cheerful home and for its Christian influence.

The Mine-Sweepers

Perhaps nothing will make us land folk realise the debt we owe our deep-sea fishermen and the necessity of helping their institutes more than a sentence in *Toilers of the Deep*: "No food without the Navy, no Navy without the mine-sweepers. Before any important engagement, they must sweep the ground clear of those 'hidden perils,' and long after peace is declared their services will be required." What, indeed, would be our fate at the moment if generous souls did not prepare shore homes and warm clothing for these men who are constantly in peril? The Mission has recently been called upon to serve the country in another way, for its hospital ship, *Queen Alexandra*, has been taken by the Admiralty to convey wounded soldiers from the Continent.



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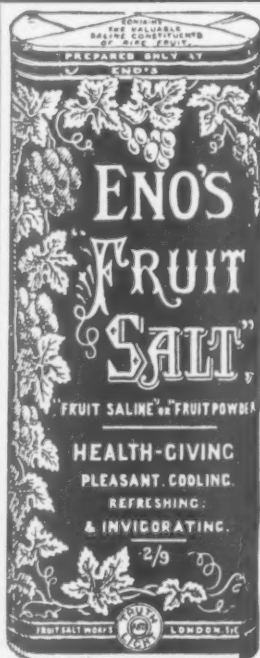
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